

STORIES OF THE ARMY AND NAVY

# MILITARY

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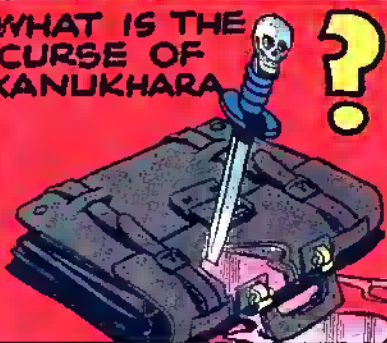
OCTOBER  
No. 12

## COMICS

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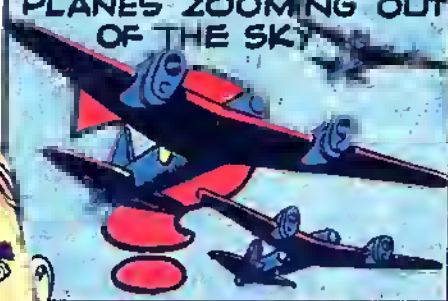
WHAT IS THE  
CURSE OF  
XANUKHARA ?



WHY IS XANUKHARA  
THE HERALD OF  
DEATH ?



WHO ARE IN THE  
PLANES ZOOMING OUT  
OF THE SKY ?



They are the  
**BLACK-  
HAWKS!**



[illegible]



Weren't riding home this picture?  
Follow down due to dot with a  
pencil? Keep at each "X" and start  
again at the next numbered dot.



Give yourself  
a "Break"!

Get a Morrow, today!

BUILT by Bendix, the world's  
foremost maker of motorcycle  
and airplane brakes... famous for  
40 years... the good Morrow  
Coaster Brake is the safest, surest  
brake your bike could have! More  
ball bearings (31 in all) than any  
other coaster brake! That means  
long, smooth coasting and easy  
pedaling. Big heavy brake shoes,  
multi-ground for positive stops  
and long wear, built on a Morrow  
Brake on your new bike—you  
can get it on any standard make.

**MORROW  
COASTER BRAKE**



ECLIPSE  
MACHINE DIVISION  
BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION  
ELMIRA, NEW YORK

**BUY IT NOW FROM  
YOUR REGULAR  
NEWSDEALER**

**STARRING**

*The* **DOLL MAN**  
**LEADING CHARACTER  
IN COMICS**

*also including*

**MICKEY FINN LALA PALOOZA**

**POISON IVY SAMAR**

**BIG TOP FARGO KID**

**SPIN SHAW ZERO**

**RUSTY RYAN SWING SISSON**

*and many others*



LOOK FOR THIS  
SIGN ON THE COVER



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**ARMY**

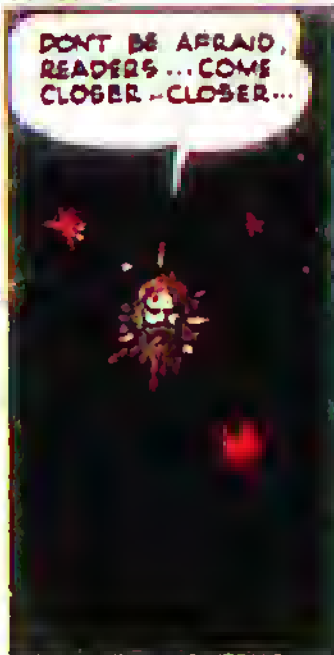
STORIES OF MILITARY  
ACTION ON LAND  
*Section 1.*

# Blackhawk

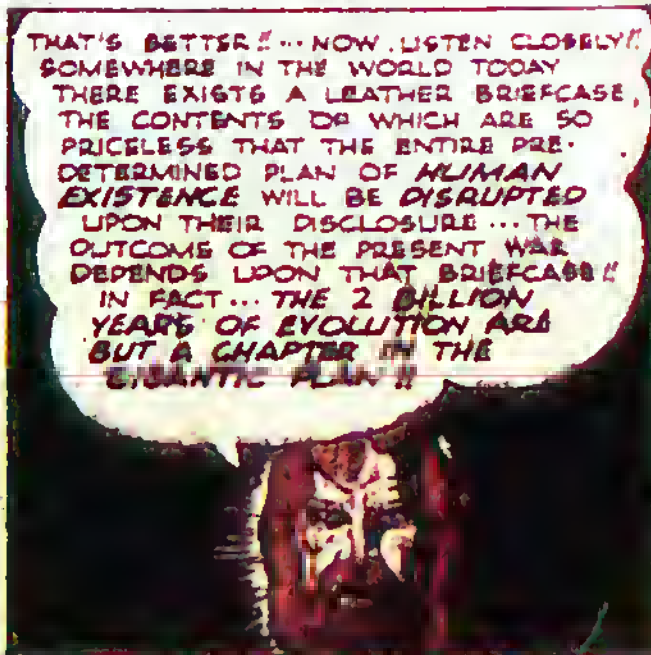




DON'T BE AFRAID,  
READERS...COME  
CLOSER-CLOSER...



THAT'S BETTER!...NOW LISTEN CLOSELY!!  
SOMEWHERE IN THE WORLD TODAY  
THERE EXISTS A LEATHER BRIEFCASE,  
THE CONTENTS OF WHICH ARE SO  
PRICELESS THAT THE ENTIRE PRE-  
DETERMINED PLAN OF HUMAN  
EXISTENCE WILL BE DISRUPTED  
UPON THEIR DISCLOSURE...THE  
OUTCOME OF THE PRESENT WAR  
DEPENDS UPON THAT BRIEFCASE!!  
IN FACT...THE 2 BILLION  
YEARS OF EVOLUTION ARE  
BUT A CHAPTER IN THE  
EPIC PLAN!!



EVEN NOW THE  
BRIEFCASE IS IN THE  
POSSESSION OF ONE  
HAMMIL ZORREK!!  
WATCH CLOSELY AS  
HE DARTS FROM A  
DARKENED BUILDING  
WHERE ONLY SECONDS  
BEFORE...MURDER  
WAS DONE!!



SEE HOW HE CLUTCHES  
THE BRIEFCASE!! IN HIS  
MIND BUT ONE THOUGHT  
....ESCAPE!! BUT  
WATCH CLOSELY...THAT  
BRIEFCASE WAS NOT  
INTENDED FOR HIM! HE  
WILL BE STOPPED!! FOR  
A TALL, DARK MAN NOT  
MENTIONED AS YET, WILL  
BE THE POSSESSOR...  
OR...FOR A SHORT  
WHILE!!



AAAAH! THERE YOU HAVE  
IT!! A NICE CLEAN JOB!  
VERY WORKMANLIKE...  
AH, ME...WHAT FOOLS  
THESE MORTALS BE!!



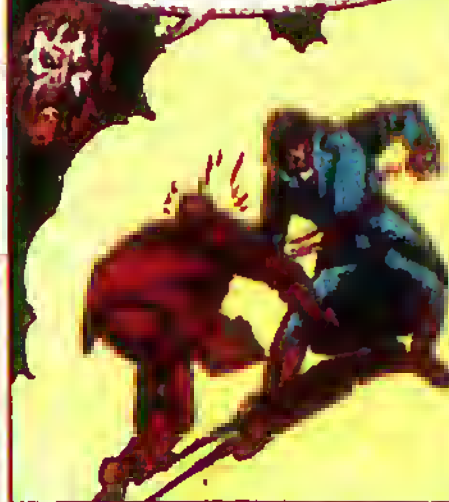
HE IS NOT THE FIRST NOR  
YET THE LAST WHO WILL  
DIE FOR THE POSSESSION  
OF THAT FATEFUL MANU-  
SCRIPT!! YOU DOUBT ME,  
EH! WELL, YOU SEE  
THAT CORNER...UP IN  
FRONT OF HIM THERE...  
THE ONE WITH THE STREET  
LAMP?...HIS LIFE ENDS  
THERE!!



HE'S REACHED THE  
CORNER...HIS CLOCK IS  
RUNNING DOWN...TICK  
TICK...HE IS RESISTING  
THE INEVITABLE!!



MY, BUT HE'S STUBBORN  
...COME, MAN...DON'T  
BE SO OBSTINATE!!  
AH...THAT DID IT!!



...AND NOW ANOTHER  
MAN HAS THE PRECIOUS  
DOCUMENT...YOU KNOW  
HIM...HE'S THE TALL,  
DARK MAN I TOLD YOU  
ABOUT!! WE'LL MEET  
HIM AGAIN IN MAJOR  
BRANDON'S OFFICE...  
YOU WON'T SEE  
ME, BUT I'LL BE





THE WAR DEPARTMENT...  
WASHINGTON, D.C. ...MAJOR  
BRANDON'S OFFICE...

**XANUKHARA!!!**  
DOESNT ANYONE KNOW  
WHAT IT MEANS?

THE DICTIONARY DOESNT  
LIST IT! WHO'S WHO  
NEVER HEARD OF IT!  
THE CODE EXPERTS CANT  
FATHOM IT BUT DEATH  
ALWAYS ACCOMPANIES  
IT! WHAT THE  
HELL IS IT?

TSK,TSK!! I'VE FOLLOWED  
IT HALFWAY AROUND THE  
WORLD!! I WAS HOPING  
YOU'D KNOW!!

WHO'S  
THERE? WHAT  
DO YOU WANT?

COME, COME MAJOR... SURELY  
YOU HAVENT FOR-  
GOTTEN **BLACK-  
HAWK!** ER... WOULD  
YOU BE INTERESTED  
IN THIS?

**THE BROWN  
LEATHER  
BRIEF-  
CASE!!** QUICK,  
MAN, GIVE IT  
TO ME!!

SO!

I WONDER  
WHAT'S IN THIS...  
**ORDERLY...  
HALT!!**

HAHA HAH

SECONDS LATER...

THAT'S FUNNY! HE'S  
GONE! HE COULDN'T  
HAVE CRAWLED AWAY!  
THAT'S A TEN STORY  
DROP!! YOU GO THAT  
WAY, MAJOR... I'LL  
TAKE THIS...

**HEY,  
MAJOR!!**

DO YOU  
FIND HIM,  
**BLACK-  
HAWK?**

YES... BUT THE  
BRIEFCASE IS  
GONE... AND  
LOOK!!

**XANUKHARA**



LATER...

WELL, BLACKHAWK LOOKS AS IF WE'VE RUN UP A BUND ALLEY!!

HUMMM... THE BRIEFCASE IS GONE. BUT PERHAPS I CAN HEAD IT OFF... I FOUND THIS NEAR THE BODY!

TAKE ISL

"AKE, ISL" WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

QUAKE ISLAND, OLD TOP!! AND THAT'S MY NEXT STOP... IF YOU'LL PROVISION MY PLANE!!

PREPOSTEROUS!! I CANT GO DOING OUT GOVERNMENT SUPPLIES TO A...A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE!! THE STOREHOUSE KEYS ARE IN MY DESK AND THEN THEY'LL STAY!! THAT'S THAT!!

BRUM!!

THAT NIGHT...

NEXT MORNING...

MAJOR BRANDON!! BLACKHAWK'S PLANE IS GONE AND SO ARE SOME OF OUR VALUABLE SUPPLIES!!

HMM!! Y'DON'T SAY!!

Y'KNOW MAJOR. I THINK YOU ENGINEERED IT!!

COULD BE COLONEL... COULD BE!!



HOURS LATER, HIGH IN THE SNOW-CAPPED ROCKIES, BLACKHAWK BASES HIS PLANE ONTO A HIDDEN FIELD....



HI, BOYS!! ALL SET?

SOON AS WE GAS UP YOUR PLANE!! WHERE ARE WE HEADED?



QUAKE- ISLAND!! HAWKAAA..



NEXT MORNING...QUAKE ISLAND IN MID-PACIFIC!!

HERE WE ARE! I WONDER WHY WE HAVEN'T BEEN CHALLENGED?



SAY, BUD... HOW COME EVERYTHING IS SO QUIET, HUH?



I SAID HOW COME EVERYT...

HEY! IS FELLOW EES DEAD!!



HEY, SARGE!! YOU GOT A DEAD SEN... HEY! THIS GUY'S DEAD TOO!!

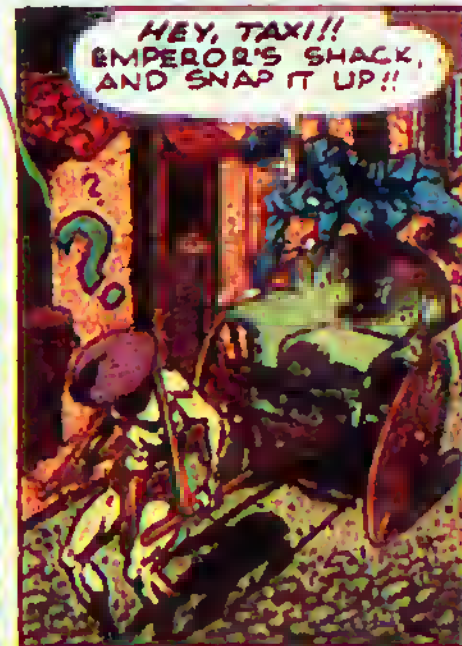


AFTER A THOROUGH SEARCH OF THE ISLAND--

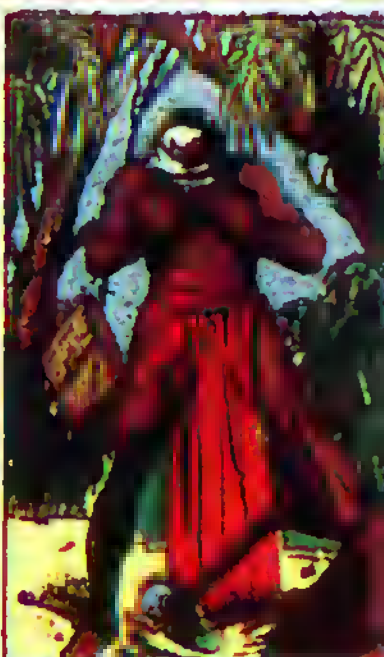
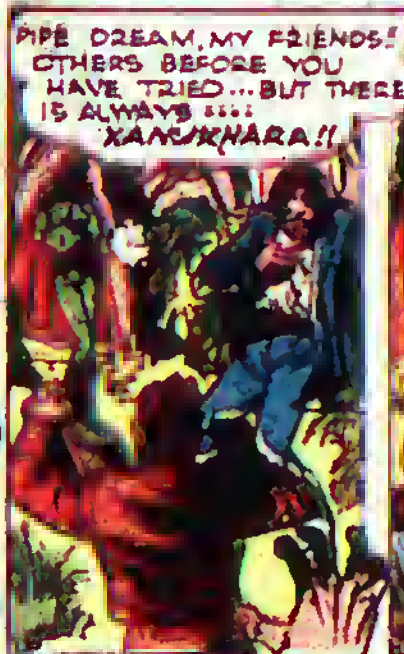
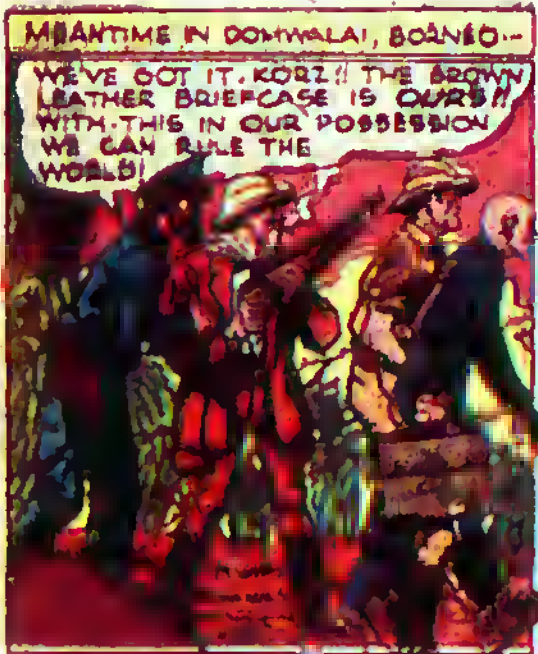
THIS BEATS ALL!! EVERYMAN IS AT HIS POST... DEAD!! I CANT... SAY!! THERE'S LIPSTICK ON THIS CIGARETTE BUTT!!













AND BACK IN TOKYO---



BUT THE JAPS HAVE OTHER IDEAS... BY MEANS OF A YOUNG PALM, BOTTLES OF GASOLINE ARE CATA-PULTED ONTO THE ROOF!!

THEN BLAZING TORCHES FOLLOW--



... AND SOON THE ENTIRE BUILDING IS A RAGING INFERNO----



AND INSIDE--



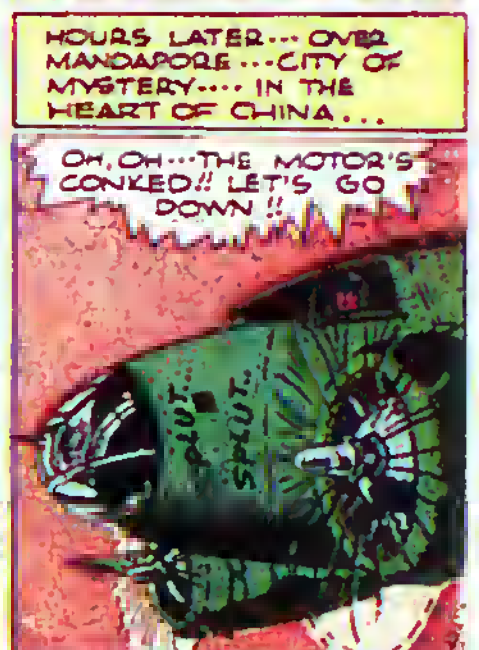
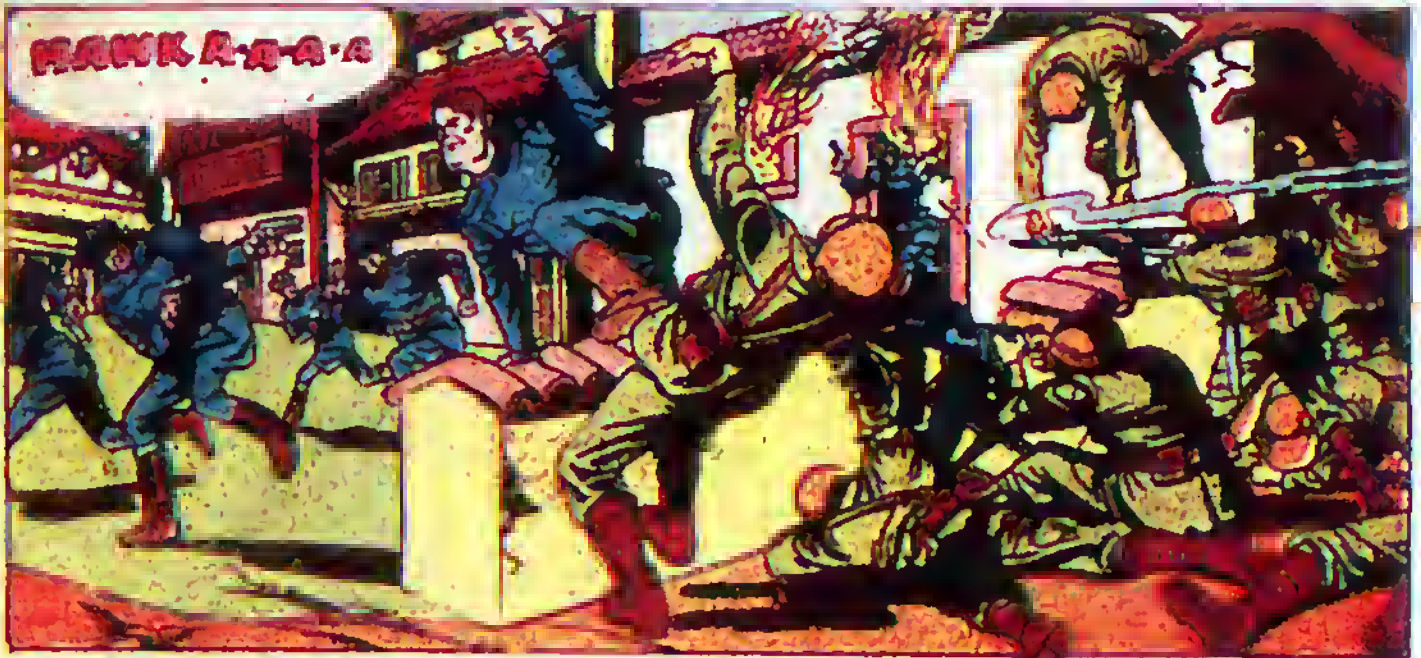
OH-OH-- TAKE A LOOK!! OUR BUCKTOOTHED FRIENDS AWAIT!!



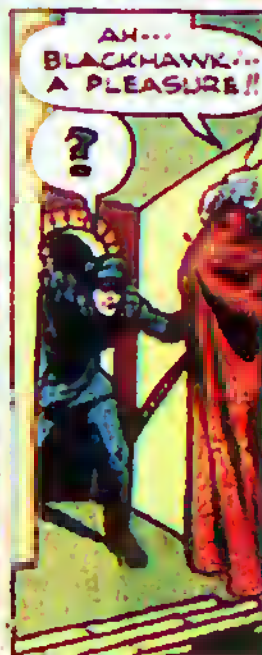
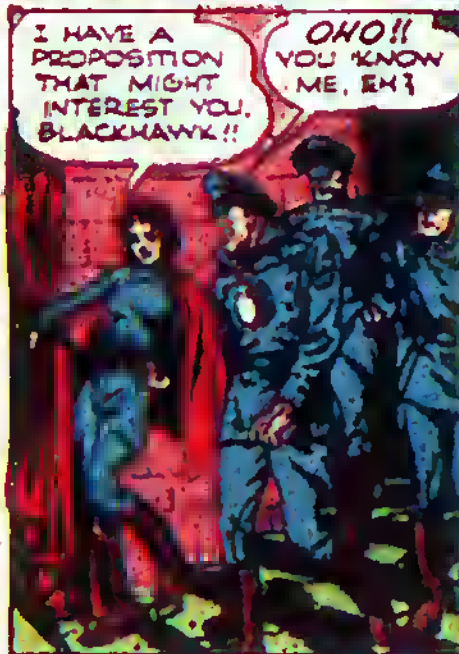
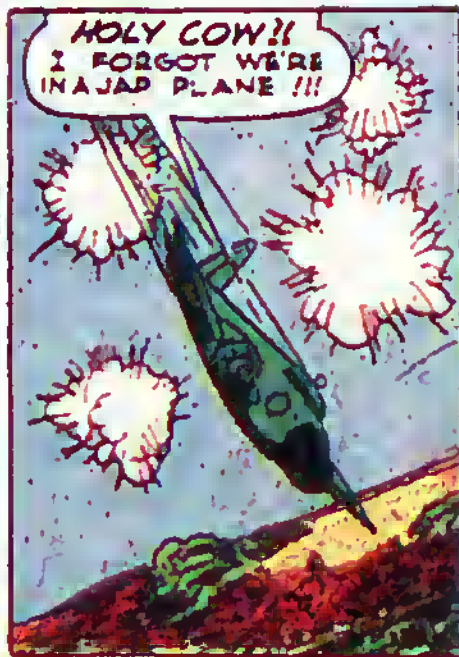
WELL...AS MURAT SAID, RIDE TOWARDS THE SOUND OF THE GUNS... LET'S GO, BLACKHAWKS!!



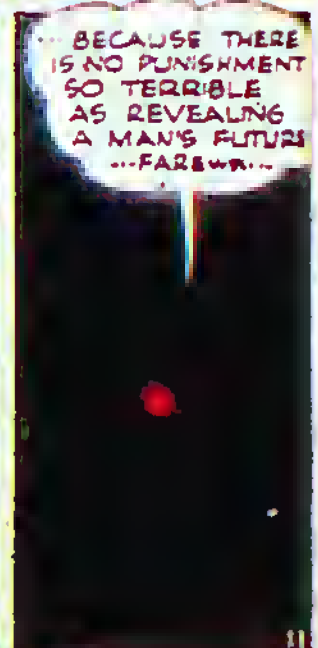
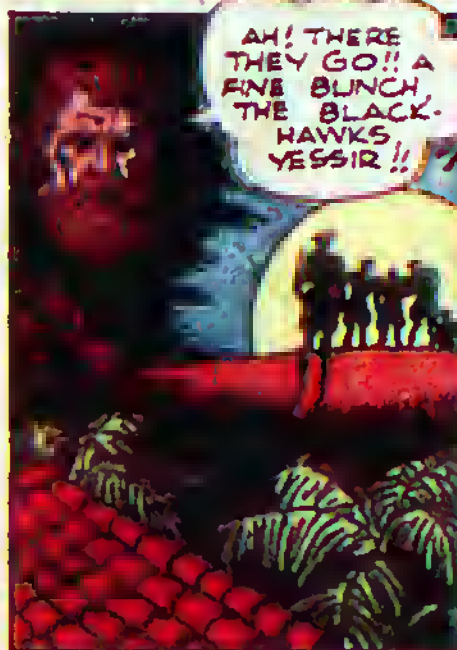
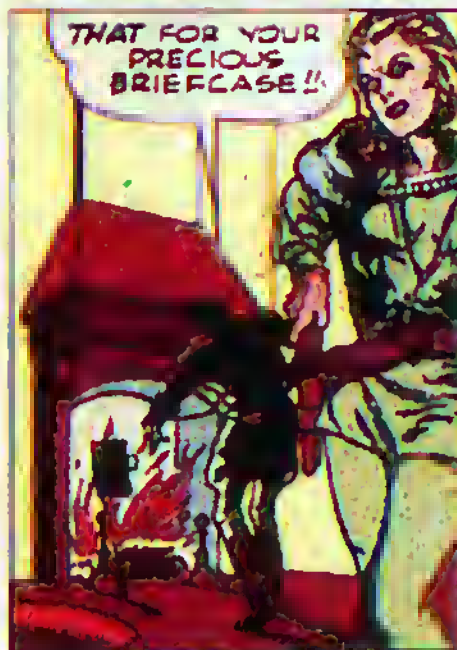














# THE SNIPER



...TRAPPED MY LATEST PREY IN AN OLD ABANDONED WINDMILL... A SECRET HAVEN OF THE UNDERGROUND MOVEMENT OF FRANCE...

THIS IS THE END OF YOUR TRAIL COUNT GRUBBER! HMM... AND YOU BOASTED YOU WOULD LIVE TO SEE NAZISM OWN THE WORLD!

GET BACK SNIPER! YOU'VE NO RIGHT TO KILL ME!

NO... YOU CAN'T KILL ME! NO, NOT WITHOUT A... A FAIR TRIAL!!

I GIVE YOU A TRIAL! THESE PEOPLE WILL BE YOUR JURY!



NO!. THEY MUSTN'T BE MY JURY! THEY MUSTN'T! THEY HATE ME!

STOP COWERING! THEY'LL GIVE YOU A FAIR TRIAL!

YOU, PROFESSOR MARTIER, WILL BE THE FOREMAN OF THE JURY, AS YOU, NO DOUBT KNOW THE PRISONER BEST.

MEMBERS OF THE JURY! THE PEOPLE DEMAND COUNT GRUBBER'S LIFE FOR MURDER!

LET ME GO BACK SIX HOURS AND REINACT THE CRIME TO REFRESH YOUR MEMORIES!





"I WENT BACK SIX HOURS WHEN MARTIER WAS IN THE GESTAPO TORTURE PRISON. HIS WEARY BODY LAY ON THE FLOOR AS HE DESPERATELY CLUNG TO SANCTITY."



I MUSTN'T TELL THEM! WHO? WHO? THEY'LL NEVER KNOW OUR SECRET MEETING PLACE!

SUDDENLY THE CELL DOOR WAS FLUNG OPEN AND...



GET IN THERE YOU DEMOCRATIC SWINE!

VIVA LA FRANCE! DEATH TO HITLER!

YOU'RE BRAVE, FRIEND, BUT WE WHO FIGHT FOR FREEDOM MUST PAY A GREAT PRICE!



THOSE BUTCHERS WILL PAY A STILL GREATER ONE! THEY WON'T KEEP ME IN THIS CESSPOOL!



CALM YOURSELF, STRANGER YOU'LL SOON BE USED TO THIS PLACE... IT WILL BE HOME COMPARED TO THE TORTURE ROOMS!

THEY WON'T KEEP ME HERE LONG... LOOK! I HAVE A KNIFE!!



WHEN THEY COME TO FEED US, I'LL KILL THE GUARD AND WE'LL BREAK FOR FREEDOM!

BUT WHAT IF WE FAIL?



FAIL? AT LEAST WE'LL DIE! DIE BEFORE THEY TORTURE OUR SECRETS FROM OUR LIPS!

YOURS IS THE RIGHT WAY... I'M WITH YOU!

MARTIER LAY THERE WAITING. HIS HEART THROBBED AS HIS SECRET RACED A THOUSAND TIMES THROUGH HIS MIND... 'I'M GOING TO BREAK FOR FREEDOM. FOR FREEDOM.' THEN SUDDENLY...



LISTEN! SOMEONE'S COMING!



UP, DOGS! HERE'S YOUR BREAD!

LAUGH YOU CLOWN! SOON YOU'LL BE...



...BE DEAD!!

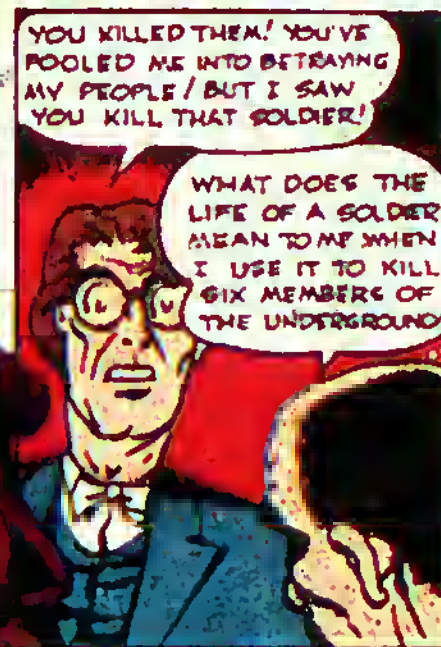
STOP... AAIIEE!!

GRAB HIS GUN!





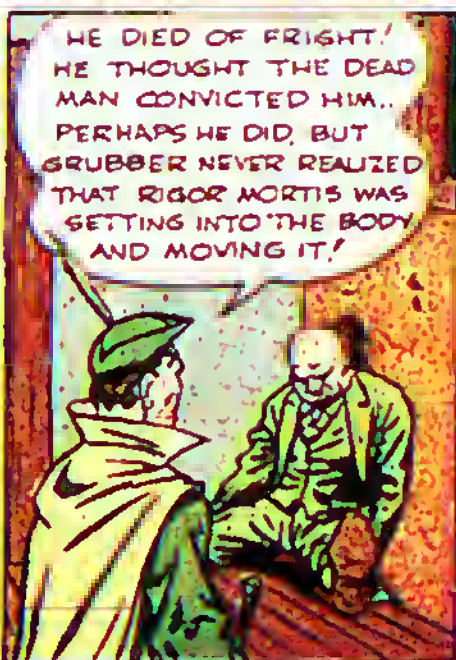




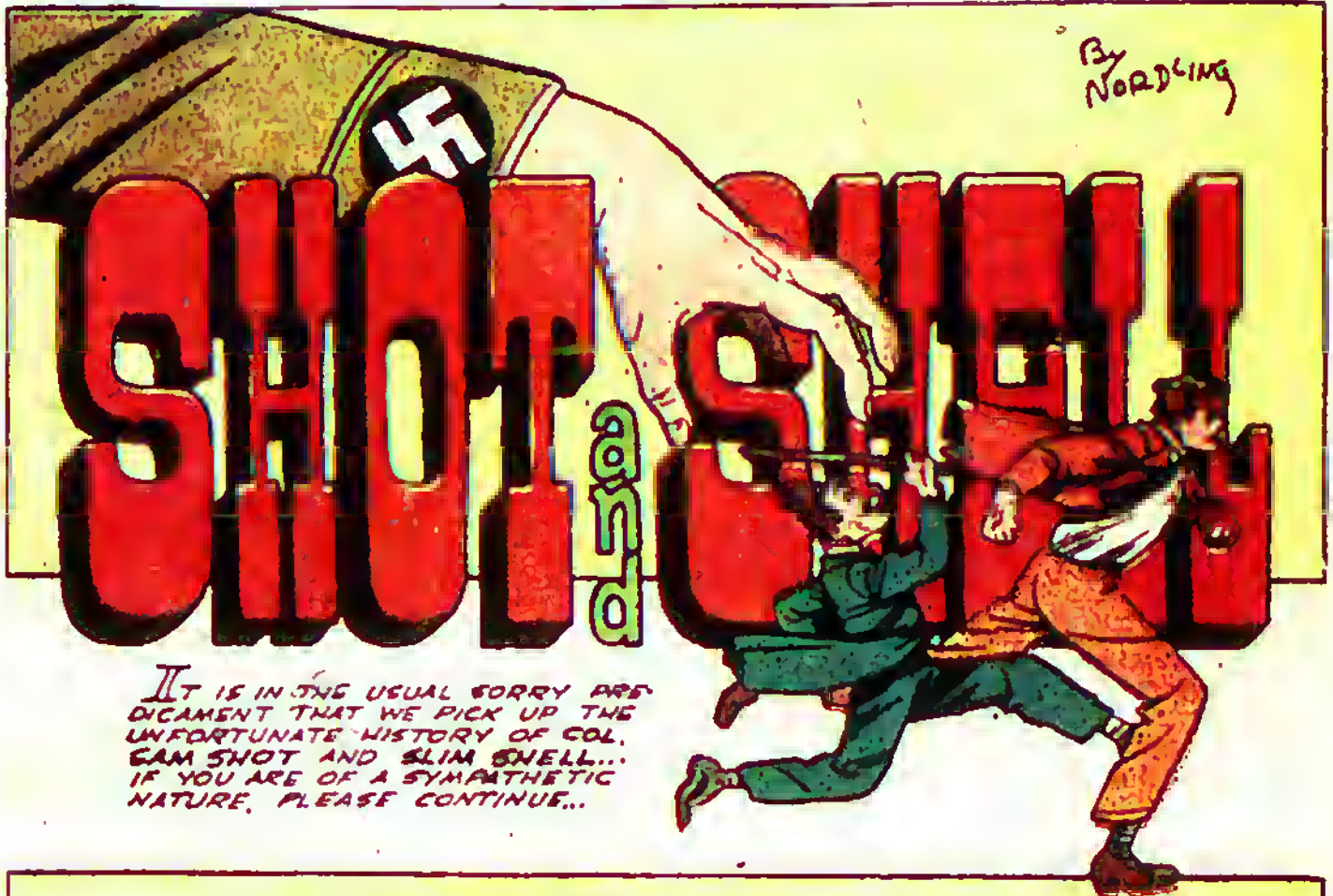




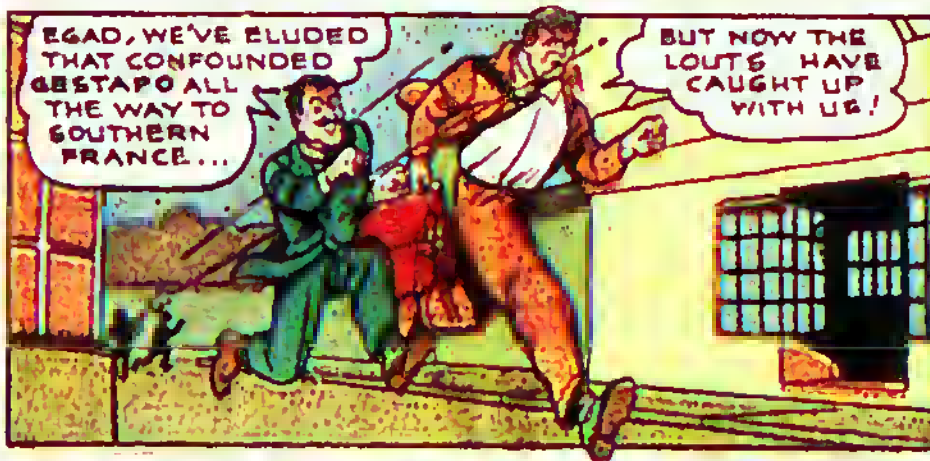






By  
NORDLING

IT IS IN THE USUAL SORRY PREDICAMENT THAT WE PICK UP THE UNFORTUNATE HISTORY OF COL. SAM SHOT AND SLIM SNELL... IF YOU ARE OF A SYMPATHETIC NATURE, PLEASE CONTINUE...



EGAD, WE'VE ELUDED THAT CONFOUNDED GESTAPO ALL THE WAY TO SOUTHERN FRANCE...

BUT NOW THE LOOTS HAVE CAUGHT UP WITH US!



OH OH!

WE ARE SURROUNDED, BY GEORGE!



BUT WHY ARE WE THUS BEING INZULTED PLAGUED? DER FUEHRER! HE SAID, "DOT DOPEY BUM OF A DICTATOR!"



ISS DIS TRUE? DID YOU SAY, "DOT DOPEY BUM OF A DICTATOR"?

CERTAINLY.. BUT I -- ER -- MEANT MUSSOLINI!

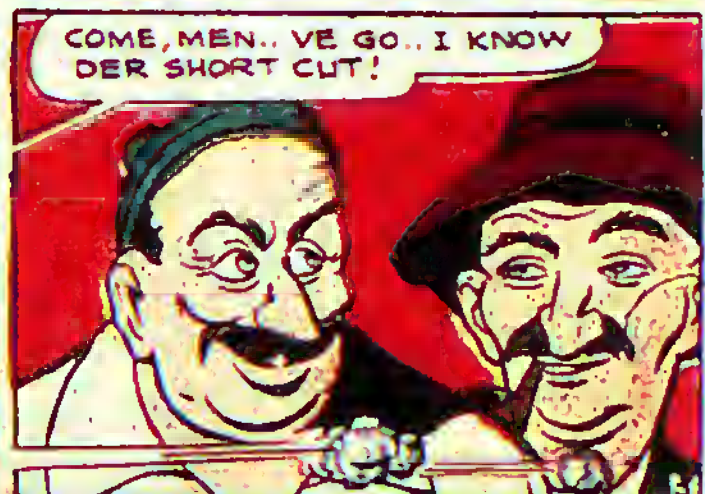


OH NO, YOU DID NOT! DERE ISS ONLY VUN DOPEY BUM OF A DICTATOR!!

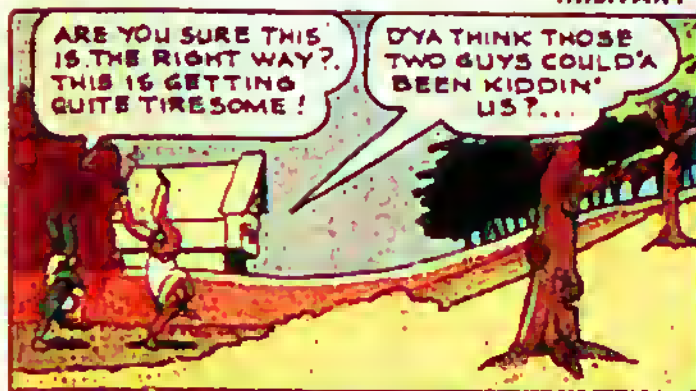




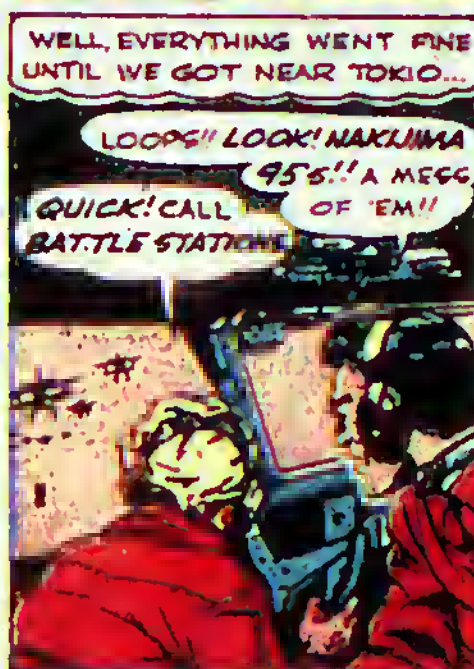
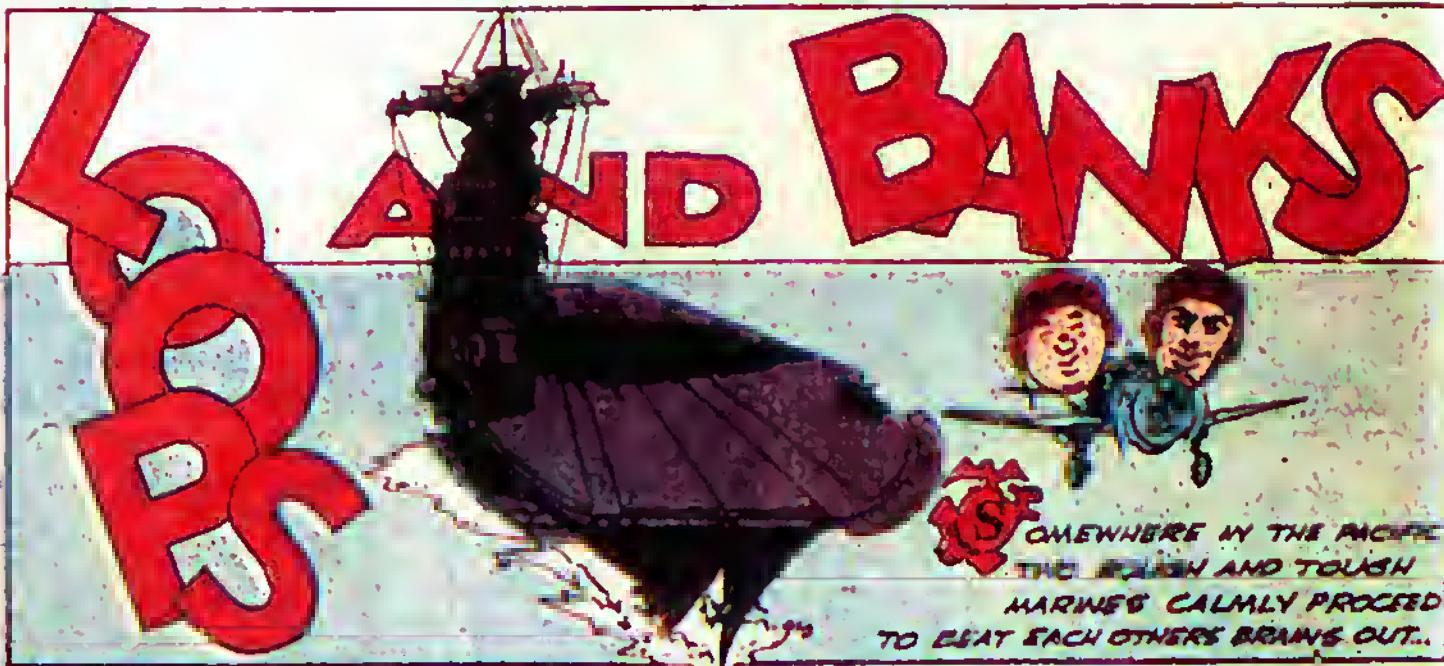


















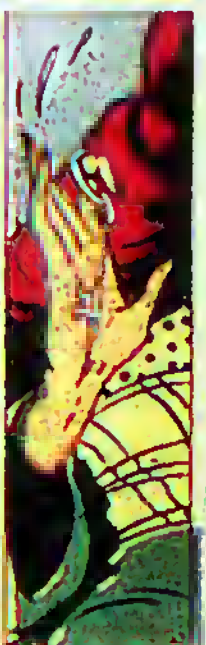
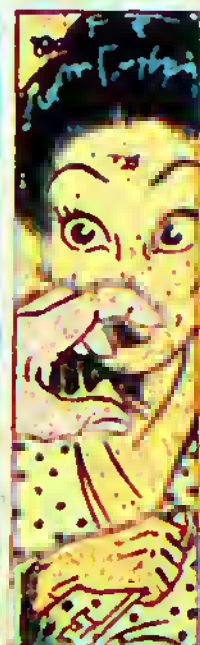


THIS BIG LUG STARTS GIVING ME SOME JAP DOUBLE TALK, WHILE BANKS STARTS EYING THE GEISHA...

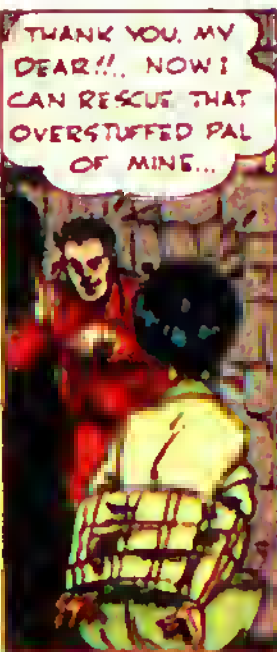
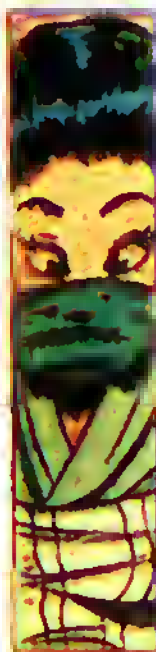




TWO HOURS LATER...







THANK YOU, MY DEAR!!.. NOW I CAN RESCUE THAT OVERSTUFFED PAL OF MINE...



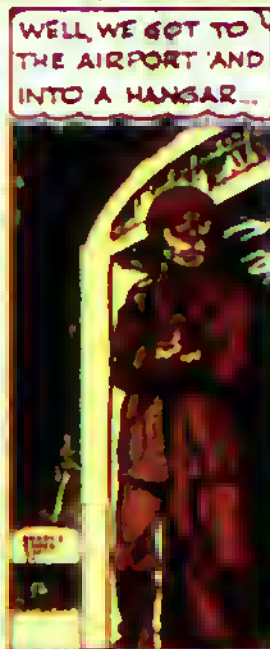
S.S. STAND STILL..O. OR.. OH!!.. ITS YOU, FLAT HEAD!

QUIT POINTING THAT THING AT ME, YA BIG LUG!!..



AN' WHO YA CALLIN' FLAT-HEAD??!! I OUGHTA PIN YOUR EARS BACK!!

AW GO SOAK YOUR HEAD!!.. COME ON, FLAT HEAD.. WE GOTTA GET TO THE AIRPORT!



WELL, WE GOT TO THE AIRPORT AND INTO A HANGAR...



THERE WAS A SENTRY THERE, BUT WE TOOK CARE OF HIM...



QUICK! GET IN.. WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE OFF RIGHT OUT OF THE HANGAR!!

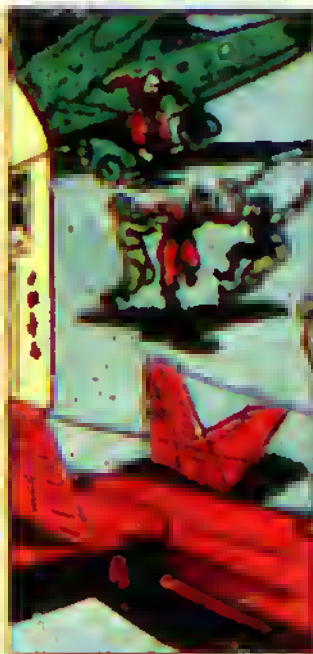


GIVE 'ER THE GUN, FATEO!!.. WE'RE... UH!! LOOK OUT!! THOSE TREES!!



OF ALL THE DOPEY PLACES TO HAVE TREES!! HEY!! LOOK OUT!!







# OF THE UNDERGROUND

TOVARICH! YOU DO NOT KNOW ME, MY FRIENDS? BUT OF COURSE... I AM **SONYA**, DAUGHTER OF RUSSIA! AH... DAUGHTER THAT IS BAD! WHEN I WAS LITTLE GIRL, MY PAPA WANT ME TO BE BOY.. MAMA, SHE WANT BOY TOO.. SO.. I TRY PLEASE EVERYBODY! I EAT LIKE COSSACK SOLDIER, I ACT LIKE COSSACK SOLDIER.. NOW, I LOOK LIKE BIG, STRONG COSSACK SOLDIER!! YOU SEE WHO SITS ABOVE ME? DOT IS **X** OF THE UNDERGROUND!! FOR HER, I WORK LIKE HORSE.. I DIE EVEN! BUT NOT ALONE.. FOR WHERE THERE IS **DIRTY NAZI** CONQUEROR, YOU FIND **WOMEN...** HUNDREDS OF THEM.. WHO FIGHT WITH **X** AGAINST THE INVADERS.. AND SOME DAY.. SOON.. WE WILL BURY THEM.. **FOREVER!**

AH... YOU NAZI CONQUERORS, ENSLAVERS OF FREE PEOPLE, WHAT A WONDERFUL LIFE YOU LEAD! BEAUTIFUL WOMEN PLEAD FOR YOUR ATTENTIONS.. YOU FEAST ON THE HARD-EARNED BREAD OF YOUR STARVING VICTIMS!

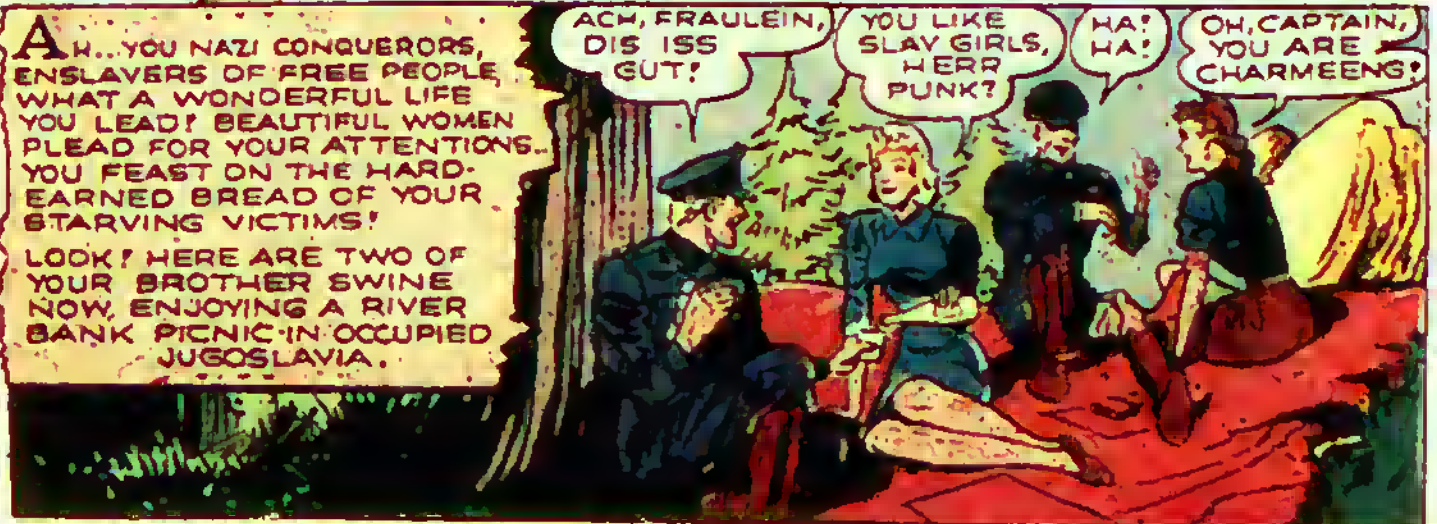
LOOK! HERE ARE TWO OF YOUR BROTHER SWINE NOW, ENJOYING A RIVER BANK PICNIC IN OCCUPIED JUGOSLAVIA.

ACH, FRAULEIN, DIS ISS GUT!

YOU LIKE SLAY GIRLS, HERR PUNK?

HA! HA!

OH, CAPTAIN, YOU ARE CHARMEENS!







IN AN ABANDONED FARMHOUSE, HEADQUARTERS OF THE UNDERGROUND.



LISTEN CAREFULLY! TONIGHT, A CERTAIN NAZI GENERAL PLANS TO MEET A GESTAPO AGENT AT A COSTUME BALL. THEY MUST NOT MEET! IF THEY DO, THE ALLIES WILL SUFFER GREAT LOSSES!

SONYA AND I WILL APPEAR AT THE BALL IN COSTUME.. YOU, MARIE, WILL DRESS AS A BOY AND DRIVE THE GENERAL'S CAR.. THE REST OF YOU STAND BY.. LET US SHOW THE SWAGGERING DOGS THEY HAVE TO RECKON WITH THE UNDERGROUND!

THAT NIGHT..

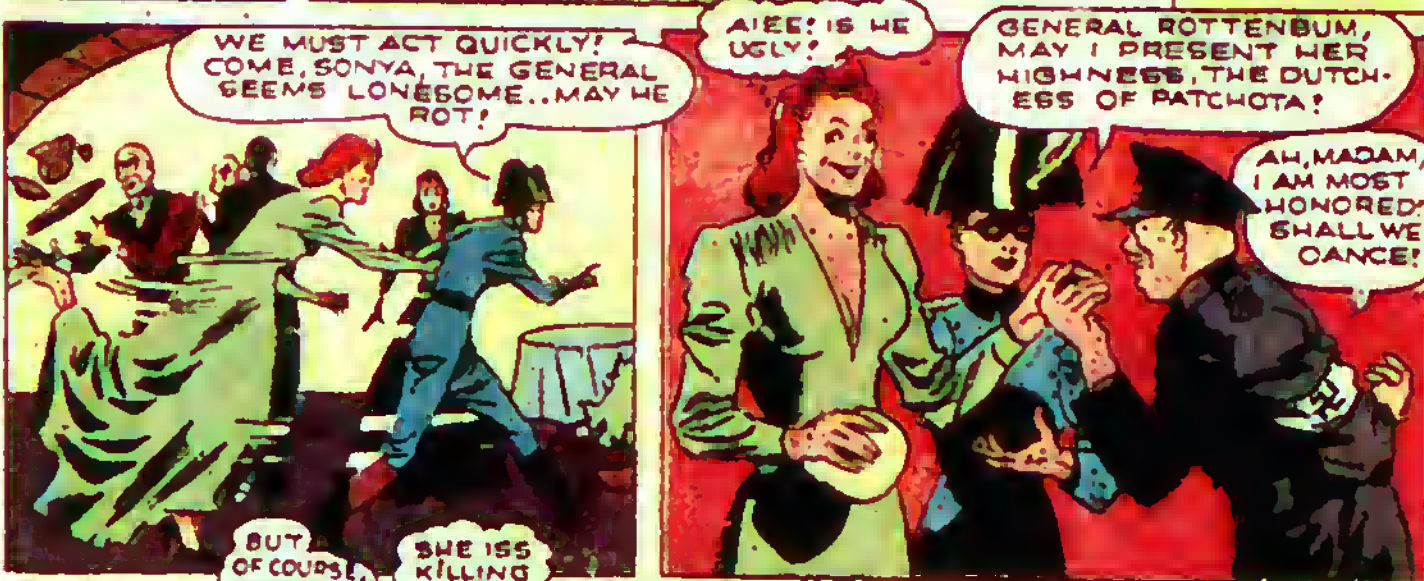
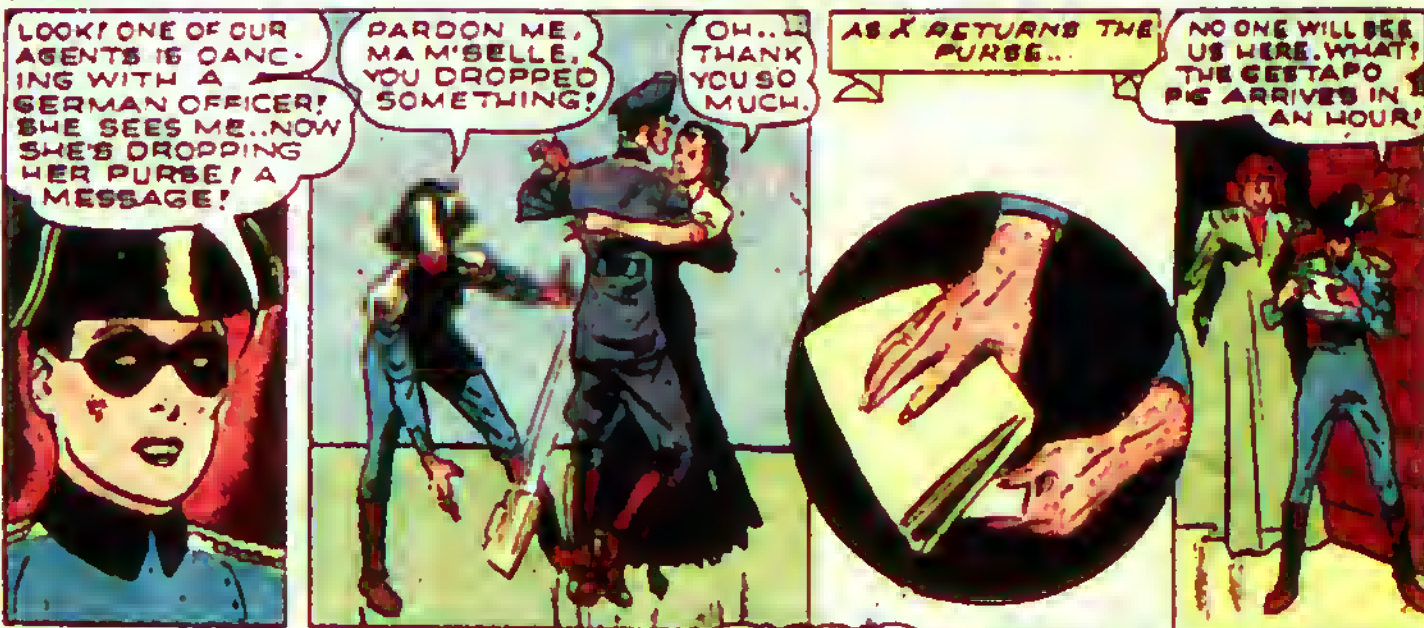


HERE WE ARE, SONYA! NOW REMEMBER, WHEN YOU MEET THE GENERAL, TRY TO ACT LIKE A LADY!

I TRY TO BUT IT IS VEREE HARD!











I SEE YOU ARE ALONE, MONSIEUR... I AM TOO! SINCE WE WEAR THE SAME COSTUME, WE ARE FRIENDS, NO?

IT MIGHT MEAN TROUBLE TO DISAGREE! I'D BETTER HUMOR HIM!

WILL YOU JOIN ME FOR A SMOKE IN THE GARDEN?

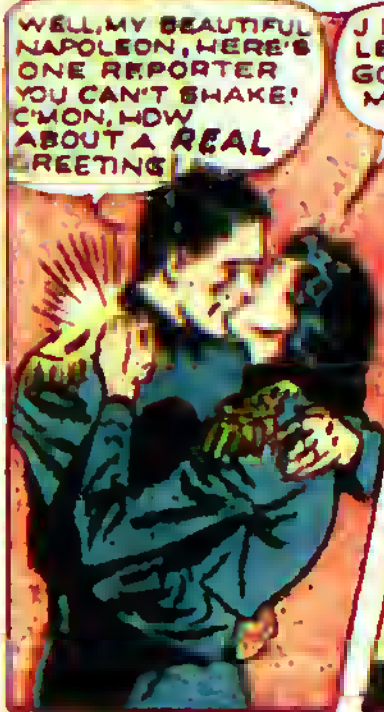
CERTAINLY, MONSIEUR

GLADLY!



SUDDENLY... J-JIMMY GRAY!

JUST AS I THOUGHT... X!!



WELL, MY BEAUTIFUL NAPOLEON, HERE'S ONE REPORTER YOU CAN'T SHAKE! C'MON, HOW ABOUT A REAL GREETING!

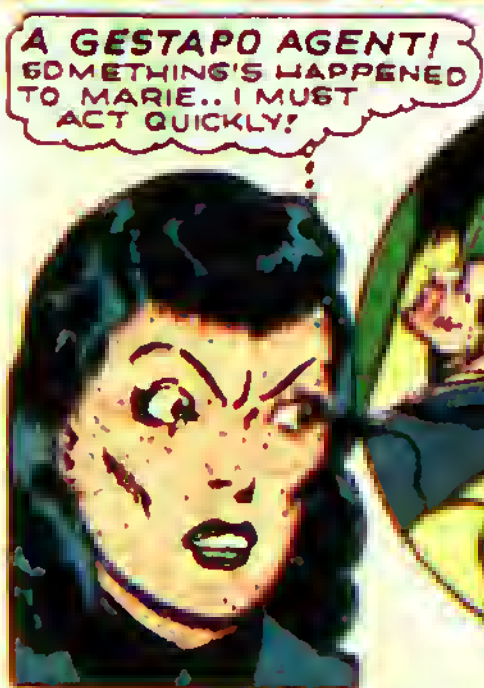
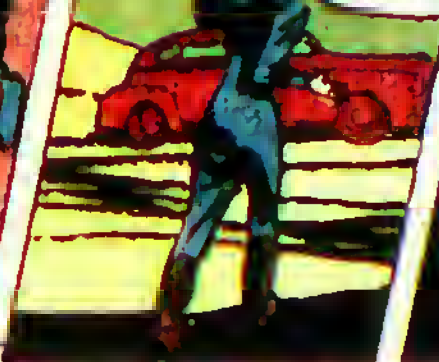
JIMMY! LET ME GO! LET... MMMM...

MEANWHILE, SONYA HAS LURED THE GENERAL INTO HIS CAR, AND...

I THOUGHT I'D NEVER GET RID OF THAT FOOL! THERE'S THE CAR NOW. THAT MUST BE MARIE AT THE WHEEL... SOON THOSE NAZI DOGS WILL BE SEARCHING FOR THEIR PRECIOUS GENERAL!

NOW, MARIE, DRIVE FAST!

YOU ARE VERY CLEVER, FRAULEIN X, BUT NOT CLEVER ENOUGH! IN CASE YOU HAVEN'T NOTICE, YOU ARE SURROUNDED BY CARS FULL OF GESTAPO AGENTS, WHO WILL SERVE AS YOUR FIRING SQUAD!



A GESTAPO AGENT! SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO MARIE... I MUST ACT QUICKLY!



WE ARE NOT DEFEATED YET, GERMAN DOG!





TAKE THE WHEEL, SONYA.. AT THE NEXT BEND ONE OF OUR AGENTS IS WAITING.. WE WILL SHOW THESE STUPID COWARDS HOW THE UNDERGROUND WORKS!



OLGA, THE GESTAPO IS FOLLOWING US! QUICK, TAKE THE SHORT CUT TO THE HIDDEN MINE. BLOW UP THE HIGHWAY WHEN WE HAVE PASSED!

AT ONCE, X!



GET BACK INTO THE HOUSE, GERTA.. I WILL BE HOME SOON.. OHHH!



MY SISTER! TH- THE NAZIS KILLED HER! I WILL SHOW THE DEVILS THAT WE NEVER GIVE UP!



I MUST BE QUICK! THE MINE IS NOT FAR!



X'S CAR HAS PASSED THE DANGER ZONE.. AND HERE COME THE NAZI PIGS!



HEARTLESS BEASTS! PAY FOR MY SISTER'S LIFE!



AND SO, ANOTHER LINK IS ADDED TO THE VAST CHAIN OF THE UNDERGROUND.

YOU HAVE PROVED YOURSELF BRAVE BEYOND YOUR YEARS, LITTLE GERTA.. FROM THIS MOMENT, YOU WILL HELP US TO DESTROY THE CONQUERING SWINE!



Follow X Of The Underground In each issue of MILITARY COMICS.



# NAVY

STORIES OF MILITARY  
ACTION AT SEA  
*Section 2.*

THIS IS THE  
PHANTOM CLIPPER,  
THE FASTEST MAN-  
OWAR THAT SAILS  
THE SEAS, WHOSE  
SPEED AND DES-  
TRUCTIVE ABILITY  
HUMILIATES HIS  
ENEMIES.

# PHANTOM CLIPPER



TIGER SHARK



JEWALDRI

AS THE PHANTOM CLIPPER SAILS THROUGH THE PACIFIC  
OFF NEW GUINEA, MALICIOUS EYES FOLLOW HER COURSE.

HONORABLE SIR,  
LOOK! AN OLD  
SAILING VESSEL!



HA, IT MUST BE  
A FISHING BOAT.  
THE AUSTRALIANS  
HAVE DRAFTED  
INTO SERVICE.

HMM—AND  
WE TOO WILL  
PUT IT TO USE.  
ORDER THE  
GUNNERS TO  
USE HER FOR  
TARGET  
PRACTISE!





TARNATION! WHAT'S BLOWIN' OFF HERE?

LOOK, CAPN PERKINS—A JAP CRUISER!

AS THE SHELLING FROM THE JAP CRUISER NEARS THE CLIPPER, A STRANGE SIGHT UNFOLDS ABOARD HER.

CLEAR FOR ACTION! GIVE IT TO 'EM, MEN!

THE INFIDEL WE BETTER CARRY A DEADLY GUN.

WE BETTER AVOID COMBAT!

THE JAP SHIP ATTEMPTS TO FLEE— BUT TO NO AVAIL.

BOOM

FREE-EE!

BLAST YE SNEAKIN' DEVILS! YE GOT WHAT YE DESERVED! A WATERY GRAVE!

MEANWHILE IN TOKYO: THE MIKADO LISTENS TO WAR REPORTS...

HOLY SUN NEWS AGENCY REPORTS YANKS LANDING IN AUSTRALIA.

WHAT! MORE YANKS IN THE EAST?

IMPERIAL NEWS AGENCY REPORTS RUSSIANS REINFORCING IN SIBERIA—

WHY THAT INDICATES AN ALLIED ATTACK—WHAT ARE WE TO DO?

EMPEROR! WE MUST BE CALM!

HOW CAN A NATION'S LEADER BE CALM DURING SUCH STRIFE? I BET ROOSEVELT IS JUST UNSET!

BULLETIN FROM WASHINGTON!

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT HAS JUST LEFT FOR A FISHING TRIP—

HE WHAT?





I TOO WILL GO ON A FISHING TRIP AND LET THE WORLD KNOW ABOUT IT.

A WONDERFUL IDEA, YOUR EXCELLENCY!

BESIDES, HE'S ONLY IN OUR WAY.



AND SOON HIS IMPERIAL HIGHNESS THE MIKADO, SAILS OUT OF TOKYO...

GOODBYE, EXCELLENCY! MAY YOU CATCH MANY FISH.

OUR LEADER HAS WORKED HARD AND DESERVES A REST.

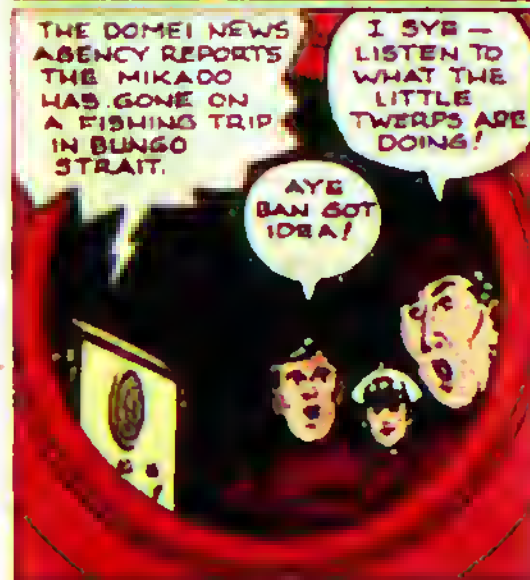
I DO NOT GO TO REST MY PEOPLE. I GO TO PLAN FOR GREATER VICTORIES.



HOURS LATER — THE MIGHTY MIKADO...

AH — IT'S GOOD TO REST AND FORGET THE WAR.

MEANWHILE! SOMEWHERE OFF JAPAN ON THE PHANTOM CLIPPER...



THE DOMEI NEWS AGENCY REPORTS THE MIKADO HAS GONE ON A FISHING TRIP IN BUNGO STRAIT.

I SAY — LISTEN TO WHAT THE LITTLE TWERPS ARE DOING!

AYE BAN GOT IDEA!



AYE TANK YE SHOULD GO FISHING FOR MIKADO.

JEROSOPHAT! WHAT DO YE SAY TO THAT, TIGER?

LET'S GO!



SET SET, YOU LUGS — HIT HER FOR THE BUNGO STRAITS!

HI, LORD! WE'RE GOING FISHING FOR THE MIKADO!

HMM, SAHID, NOW WE FISH FOR WEAKFISH.

THE PHANTOM CLIPPER NEARS THE BUNGO STRAITS



LOOK, TIGER! A YACHT

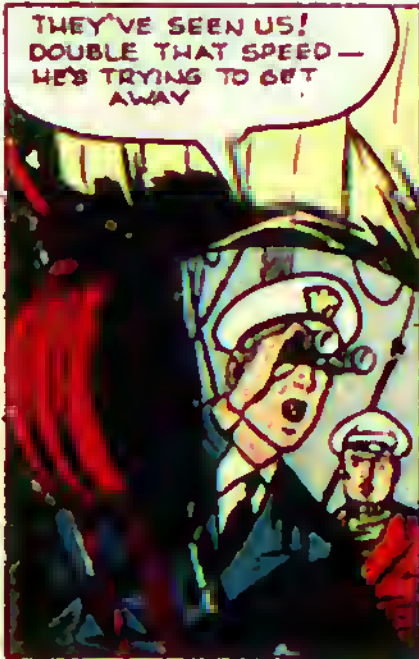
SEE WHAT'S ON IT, PERKING!



TARNATION! IF IT AINT THE EMPEROR!

SAIL ON, MEN, WE'VE SPOTTED OUR FISH!





THEY'VE SEEN US!  
DOUBLE THAT SPEED—  
HE'S TRYING TO GET  
AWAY



THEY'RE  
FIRING AT  
US!

HI SYE—  
THOSE GUNS  
ARE TOO BIG  
FOR A YACHT  
TO 'AVE

AS THE CLIPPER CHASES  
ITS FLEEING PREY—  
SUDDENLY.....



TIGER! THE  
WHOLE JAP  
FLEET! WE'RE  
IN A TRAP!

NO WONDER  
HE SEEMED TO  
BE AN EASY  
PREY

OUTNUMBERED AND OUTGUNNED, THE TIGER'S  
MEN FIGHT ON BRAVELY UNTIL.....



SUDDENLY THE PHANTOM CLIPPER IS  
FORCED TO RUN AROUND.



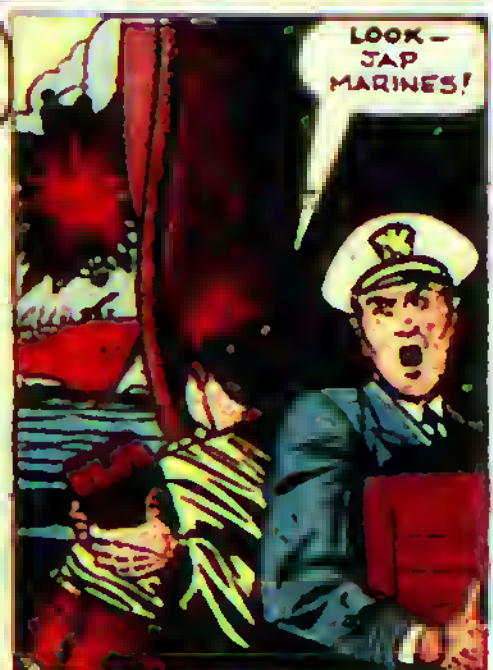
ANY CHANCE  
OF GETTING  
OFF THE  
ROCKS?

ONLY WITH  
DYNAMITE,  
SAHIB



KEEP THOSE  
GUNS BOARING.  
WE HAVE TO  
BLAST THE  
SHIP LOOSE

COME,  
SAHIB,  
I HAVE  
DYNAMITE

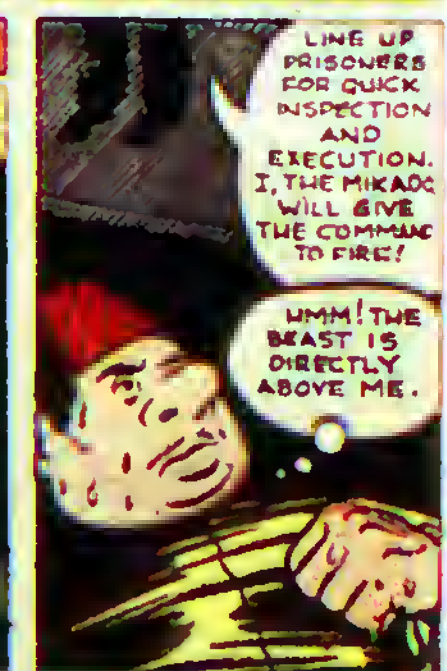


LOOK—  
JAP  
MARINES!













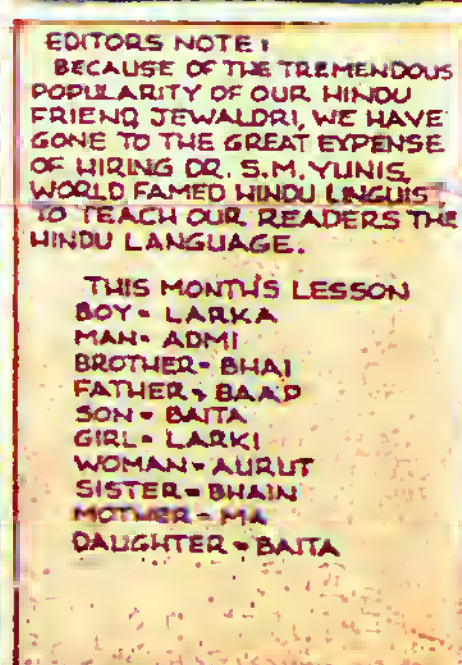
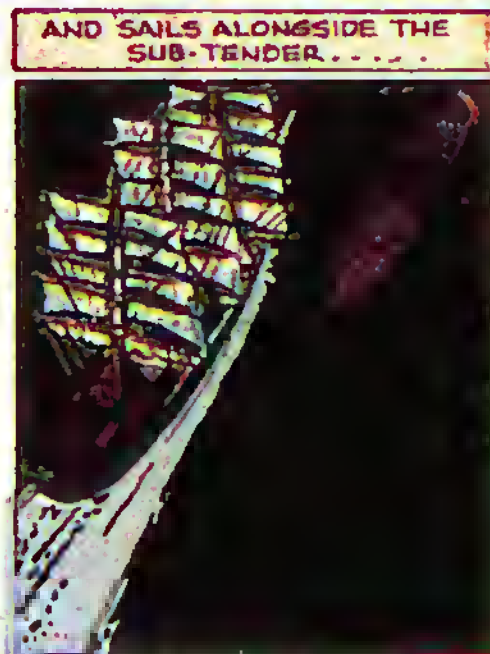
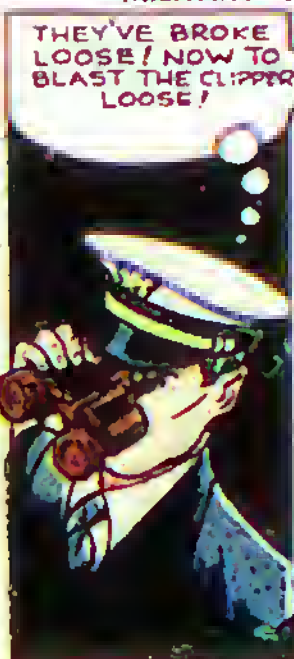
AH! A COMPRESSED AIR TANK, AND RIGHT UNDER THE GRATING!



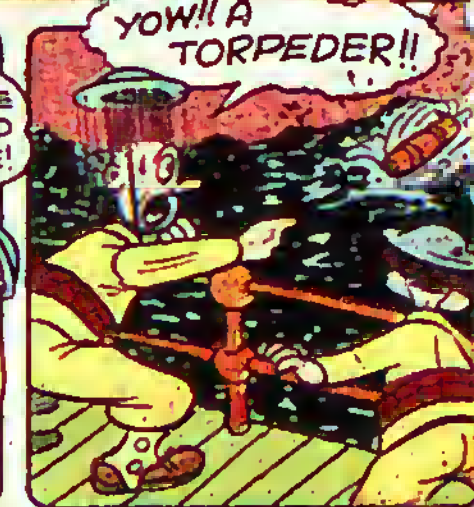
HA—SOON I WILL COMMAND YOU ALL TO DEATH!



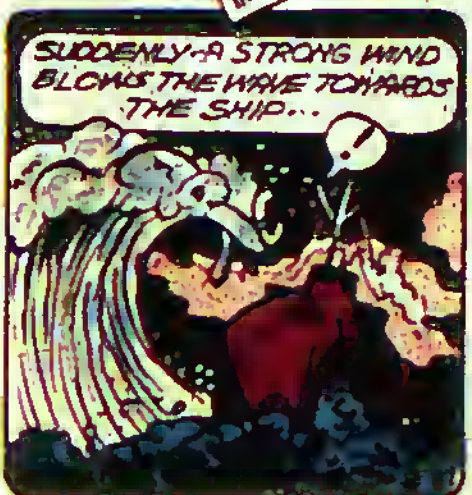
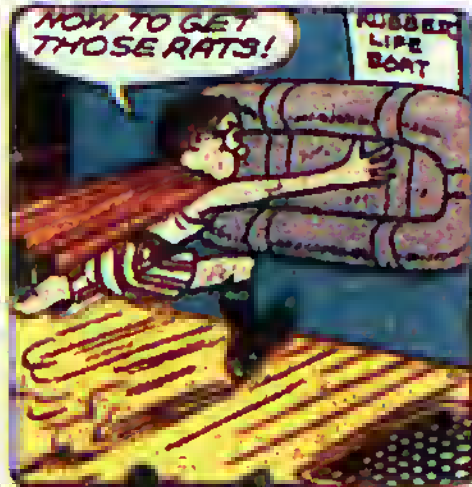














# Death Patrol

## DEATH PATROL!

DEATH PATROL!

DEATH PATROL!

DOTS ALL I EVER HEAR...  
DOTS ALL I EVER SEE...  
ALWAYS DEY INTERFERE  
MIT MY PLANS FOR  
WORLD CONQUEST.  
BUT AT LAST I  
VILL GET RID OF  
DEM...

EVEN NOW MY AGENTS  
ARE IN DER HEAD  
PLOTING DER  
DESTRUCTION!



C'MON YOU BUYS... TO YOUR  
PLANES... WE JUST GOT A  
RADIO MESSAGE THAT A BOAT  
CARRYING CHILDREN TO AMERICA  
IS BEING FOLLOWED BY A NAZI  
SUB... C'MON! WE GOTTA STOP  
'EM!

DERE DEY ARE...  
THE DEATH PATROL!  
VE MUST NOT FAIL!

GOOT, VE  
DO IT NOW!  
ALSO VE PRE-  
VENT DEM  
FROM STOP-  
PING DER  
SUB FROM  
SINKING DOT  
BOAT!



PUT 'EM  
UP  
DA HANDS!

NAZI  
AGENTS!



SORRY, I CAN'T STOP  
TO CHAT NOW, I GOTTA  
GAVE THOSE KIDS  
BUT I'LL BE BACK  
AND FINISH THIS  
CHARMING  
CONVERSATION!

STOP  
HIM!



HE GOT  
AWAY!

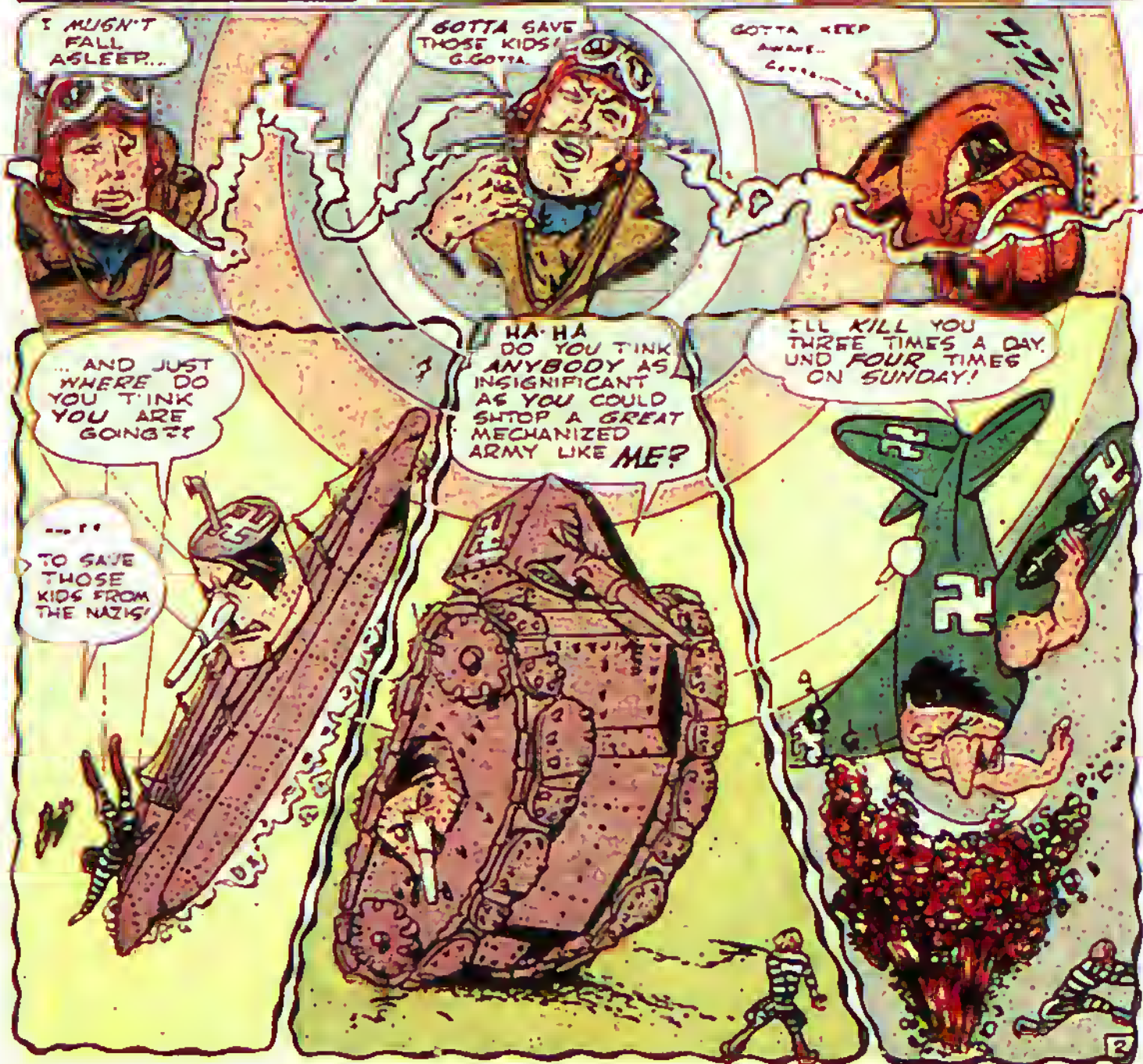
AT' BOY,  
DEL!



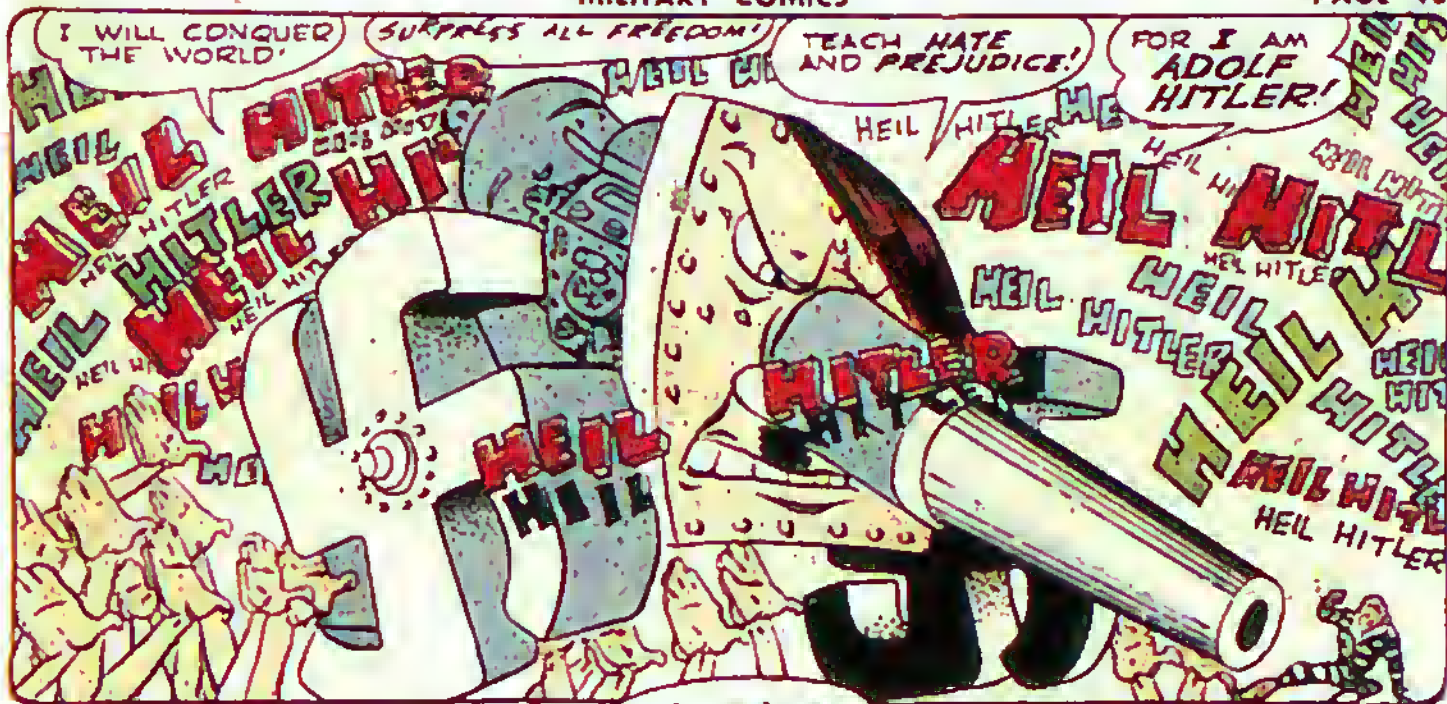
YOU NEEDNT WOREY  
I'VE ALREADY TAKEN  
THE NECESSARY  
PRECAUTION... I'VE  
PLACED A GAS BOMB  
IN HIZ PLANE, AND  
SOON HE VILL FALL  
ASLEEP.. HA-NA.. AND  
SWEET DREAMS TO  
YOU.. HA-NA..



*Meanwhile* DEL SPEEDS  
TO THE SCENE  
OF ATTACK!









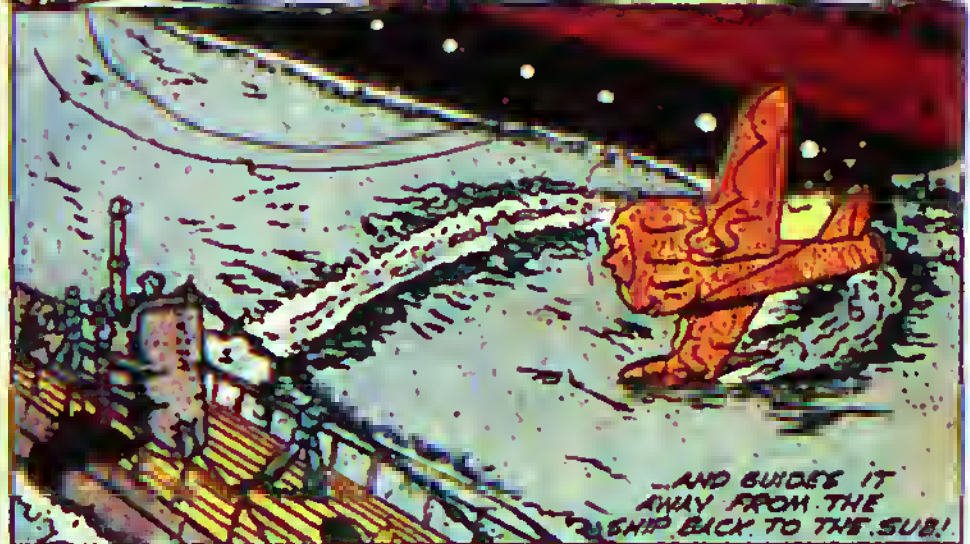
WE'LL HELP YOU THEN...  
COME NOW, DEL... PULL  
BACK THE JOY STICK...  
GOOD! NOW BANK  
HER!



SUBCONSCIOUSLY, DEL  
FOLLOWS THE ORDERS.  
THE WING OF HIS PLANE  
CONTACTS THE TORPEDO.



THAT'S IT! NOW KICK YOUR LEFT  
RUDDER... AND GET READY TO PULL  
OUT OF IT.



...AND GUIDES IT  
AWAY FROM THE  
SHIP BACK TO THE SUB!

HIMMEL, DOT  
AIRPLANE DIRECTED  
DERE TORPEDO RIGHT  
BACK TO US!



WAGNERS BACK IN THE  
DEATH PATROL'S HEADQUARTERS



WE VILL NOT WAIT ANY  
LONGER FOR DIS DEL TO  
COME BACK. LINE UP  
AGAINST DA VALL UND  
VE VILL SHOOT YOU  
DEAD. NOW!

HERESKI  
COMES BACK  
DEL!

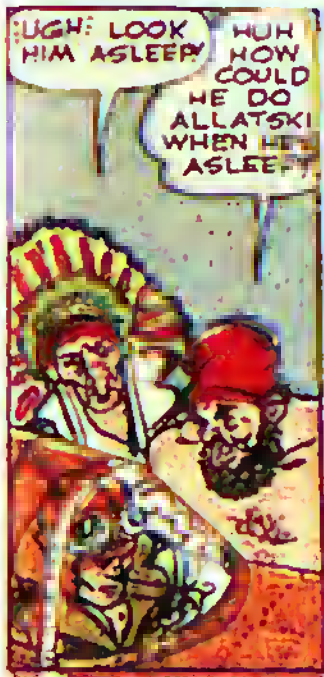
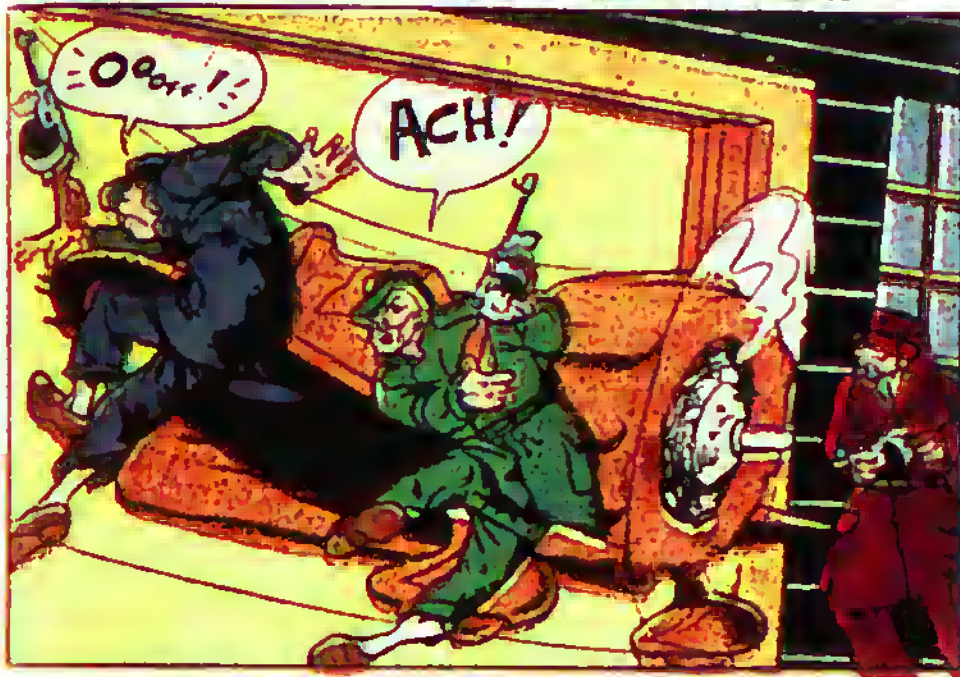
HE'D BETTER  
HURRY AND  
DO SOMETHIN'  
OR HE'LL BE  
BACK JUST  
IN TIME  
FOR OUR  
FUNERALS!



LET DEM  
HAFF  
IT!









# DEATH <sup>TO THE</sup> KILLER!

"The king is dead. Long live the king!"

Had the thing occurred in England, that is exactly what would have been on peoples' lips. A cry that goes back into dim antiquity, when a British monarch died.

But it didn't happen in England. It happened in the small principality of Shan-zeh, on the borders of Nepal. Ram-mahd, the beloved king of Shan-zeh, had died. And the whole country was in an uproar. Who would be the next king? There were no direct descendants of Ram-mahd. Only a year before his father, then king, had died. He had suddenly toppled out of his throne. So Ram-mahd, his son, had ascended the throne, and for a full year the country had known prosperity. The Ram-mahds had been rulers of Shao-zeh for generations.

But now Shan-zeh would have to find another king from the ranks. To be sure, there were men in the country who would make great kings. But the people wanted a Ram-mahd. How to find one when there were none?

There was a faction in Shao-zeh bitterly opposed to the Ram-mahd regime. This was known as the Black Cobra Society. It was a hate organization, headed up by a ruthless culprit, Gun-dakk. For more than five years Gun-dakk had tried to overthrow the Ram-mahd regime, using every crooked artifice. He had tried to poison the minds of the populace against the Ram-mahds. But thus far he had not succeeded.

Gun-dakk had a reason for wanting to ascend the Shan-zeh throne. Gun-dakk's ancestry went back to an original Japanese house. And it was known that Gun-dakk had been approached by Jap espionage agents to sell out the country to the would-be invaders. Gun-dakk had been unable to do much because of Ram-mahd and the powerful circle of

political leaders who loved and obeyed him.

But now—now was Gun-dakk's opportunity! Ram-mahd, the last of the line, was dead! Gun-dakk moved with lightning speed.

In a mountain stronghold, where gathered Gundakk's cut-throat pals, a session was under way. Gun-dakk was speaking to his cohorts:

"Our time has come, my fellows," he cried. "The Ram-mahd yoke is broken. We have only to put me on the throne, and prosperity such as you have never known will be yours. Who votes for Gun-dakk?"

Hands went up and from throats poured a chorus of affirmative yells. They wanted Gun-dakk! They would have Gun-dakk!

"Then it is settled," cried the leader. "Tonight we will take the palace. Tomorrow Shan-zeh will be ours!"

In a small room of the palace another scene was taking place. The ministers of Ram-mahd sat in almost stunned silence, contemplating the dreadful calamity which had befallen them. Ge-din, Ram-mahd's right hand man, acted as spokesman:

"We must elect another king, gentlemen," he said. "And for the first time in more than three centuries we must elect a king not of the Ram-mahd blood."

Heads nodded in silent assent.

"He must be a man of great character and integrity. He must be another Ram-mahd, though of a different name."

One of the ministers said, "That will be a difficult thing—finding a man equal to Ram-mahd."

"True," replied Ge-din. "But that is what he must be."

Many miles to the west of Shan-zeh, a fast military pursuit plane circled high over the blazing des-

ert and came down for a landing near an oasis of fig palms. At the controls was a youngster, hardly more than seventeen. His face was leao and tanned, but his clothes bespoke the Western atmosphere. He was dressed in correct British flying togs, for he was a member of the R. A. F.

"That looked like it," he said to himself as he jockeyed the smart ship for a landing. "The oasis of Ben Ali," my good friend.

The landing wheels touched the sand, then the speedy ship streaked across the desert, kicking up a cloud of floury dust. From a score of skin tents poured a horde of dark-skinned desert tribesmen, every man of them clutching a long-barreled Arab rifle. Their flying hurnooses and colorful robes made a picture that brought a gasp of pure joy to the young pilot's lips.

He leaped out of the plane and raised his right hand in salute.

"Hola, Ben Ali!" he cried in the native tongue. "Don't you know me? It's been ten years—"

The old tribesman's eyes opened wide then and he rushed to embrace the young man.

"Son of my best friend," he cried. "It is indeed you! And you come as a mighty bird of the sky!" He turned to the other tribesmen. "Prepare a feast, my children, for my best friend is with us!"

There was much rejoicing in the oasis of Ben Ali that day and far into the night. Goat skin drums throbbed and long-necked music instruments gave off their plaintive wailing. It was a glorious feast, and every son of the desert revelled in it.

Not the least of all who was enjoying himself hugely was our young pilot, whom Ben Ali familiarly called "Balu," which means boy in the native dialect.

"Come, Balu," said the old leader when a great fire was going in the middle of the camp, "tell



us of your adventures far across the sea. Tell us about the great bird which brought you here."

Balu grinned. "It's a long story, my friends, so I'll give you only the highlights. That bird I flew in is a Spitfire. You see, I have been a member of the British R. A. F. for more than a year. I was shot down two weeks ago over Kiel, so I got two months' leave. I immediately thought of you, Ben Ali, and all my other friends here in the desert. Well, that's why I'm here."

Balu had hardly ceased speaking when a runner panted up to the group. He whispered to Ben Ali.

"He says," Ben Ali relayed, "that the city of Shan-zeh is being overthrown by that rascal Gun-dakk. They have taken the palace and are about to proclaim Gun-dakk king!"

"What's this?" cried Balu. "What do you mean, they are about to proclaim Gun-dakk king? What of my—what of Ram-mahd?"

"Ram-mahd is dead," Ben Ali said quietly. "He is the last of the line."

"No, he is not the last of the line," shouted Balu. "His father was my father's brother. I am a Ram-mahd!"

Balu's pronouncement brought a startled silence.

"You a Ram-mahd!" gasped old Ben Ali. "Why have you never told me? I didn't know—"

"My father asked me never to mention it," replied Balu. "He did not want me ever to be king of Shan-zeh. You see, I have always had as he said, 'crazy ways', and probably would not care about being king for long."

"Then," said Ben Ali, "that's why he sent you to far-off England to go to school?"

Balu nodded. "But," he said, "I will not permit that cut-throat Gun-dakk to enslave Shan-zeh and hand it over to the Japs! We must do something, Ben Ali!"

Ben Ali raised his hand to still the yelling of his wild tribesmen. "We will do something, Balu. We will ride now to Shan-zeh and

rid the earth of that scum! To your mounts, men!"

The frenzied pack made for their camels and horses and in another moment they were tearing across the night-shaded desert. They were like happy children. They sensed a fight, and nothing appeals to the desert son than a fight. Balu rode a white stallion Ben Ali had loaned him. It was not like piloting a speedy plane, but it was a thrill, after all the years he had not sat a horse.

It lacked an hour of dawn when the fast-riding desert men reined up at the edge of the city of Shan-zeh.

They stormed the guard house at the entrance of the palace and forged inside. It took only a few minutes for them to fight their way to the throne room, and there they saw Gun-dakk sitting on the throne, surrounded by a score of his unkempt, bloodthirsty crew. He didn't put up any resistance. He knew that he was outnumbered five to one.

"So," cried Balu, "you would be king of Shan-zeh, eh?"

"Who else is there?" demanded Gun-dakk.

"I," said Balu quietly. "I am a cousin of the late Ram-mahd." He saw the man's face pale. Then he went on: "That makes me king, Gun-dakk. But I do not want to be king, so I'm going to let it up to popular vote. And another

thing, Gun-dakk: I don't believe that Ram-mahd died from natural causes. I think you murdered him."

Ram-mahd's eyes bugged at this. "What do you mean, you think I murdered him?"

"Because I think you know the secret of this throne. In a moment I'll find out. Watch, Gun-dakk!"

Balu stepped to one side of the throne room and reached for a protruding bit of mural on the stone wall. Gun-dakk leaped out of the throne and darted for an open door. But the men of Ben Ali seized him.

"Just as I thought," said Balu. "You see, men," he said in explanation to the others, "this throne has a poison needle in its cushion. One has only to pull this handle on the wall. That makes the needle strike into the person seated in the throne. That's how Ram-mahd died—by the poison needle, and Gun-dakk is his murderer!"

Balu, who was in reality a Ram-mahd, left the city of Shan-zeh with the happy cheers of the people ringing in his ears. He would go back to England and carry on with his bombing of the enemy. Through him, Shan-zeh was given the chance to elect their own king, and not be enslaved by the cut-throat Gun-dakk. Gun-dakk, incidentally, was beheaded for his crime.

FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES  
OF **MIDNIGHT**  
IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE OF  
**SMASH**  
**COMICS**  
ON SALE AUGUST 14<sup>TH</sup>



# THE BLUE TRACER

## AND THE THING

DAVID GUMPERT

ITS  
MAGNETIC RAYS  
KNOCK OFF OUR  
CONTROLS!

IF THE  
BLUE TRACER  
CAN'T STOP IT  
WE'RE DOOMED!

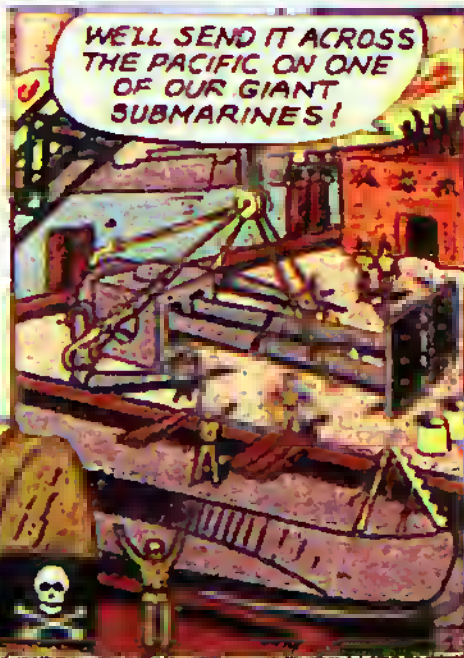
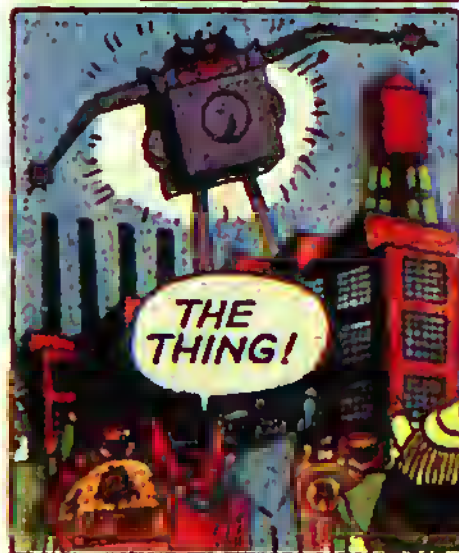
IN THEIR SUBMERSIBLE  
SHELL-PROOF FLYING TANK, THE BLUE TRACER,  
BILL DUNN AND ALOYSIUS BOOMERANG JONES  
FIGHT DESPERATELY FOR THE UNITED STATES  
AGAINST THE NEWEST JAP TERROR THE THING!

FROM OUT OF THE STEEL MILLS  
OF OSAKA THE JAPS PRODUCE  
A TERRIFYING WEAPON!

THIS THING WILL DO A  
JOB ON THE YANKS—NOT  
EVEN THE BLUE TRACER  
WILL STOP IT!

WE'LL SEND IT ACROSS  
THE PACIFIC ON ONE  
OF OUR GIANT  
SUBMARINES!

THE  
THING!





A FEW MORE KNOTS AND-  
AH! I SEE THE WEST  
COAST OF AMERICA!



LIKE AN AWAKENED GIANT THE THING RISES  
FROM THE DECK AND STRIDES ASHORE!



WHEN I DESTROY THE  
BLUE TRACER, HIROHITO  
WILL MAKE ME IMPERIAL  
POTENTATE OF  
AMERICA!



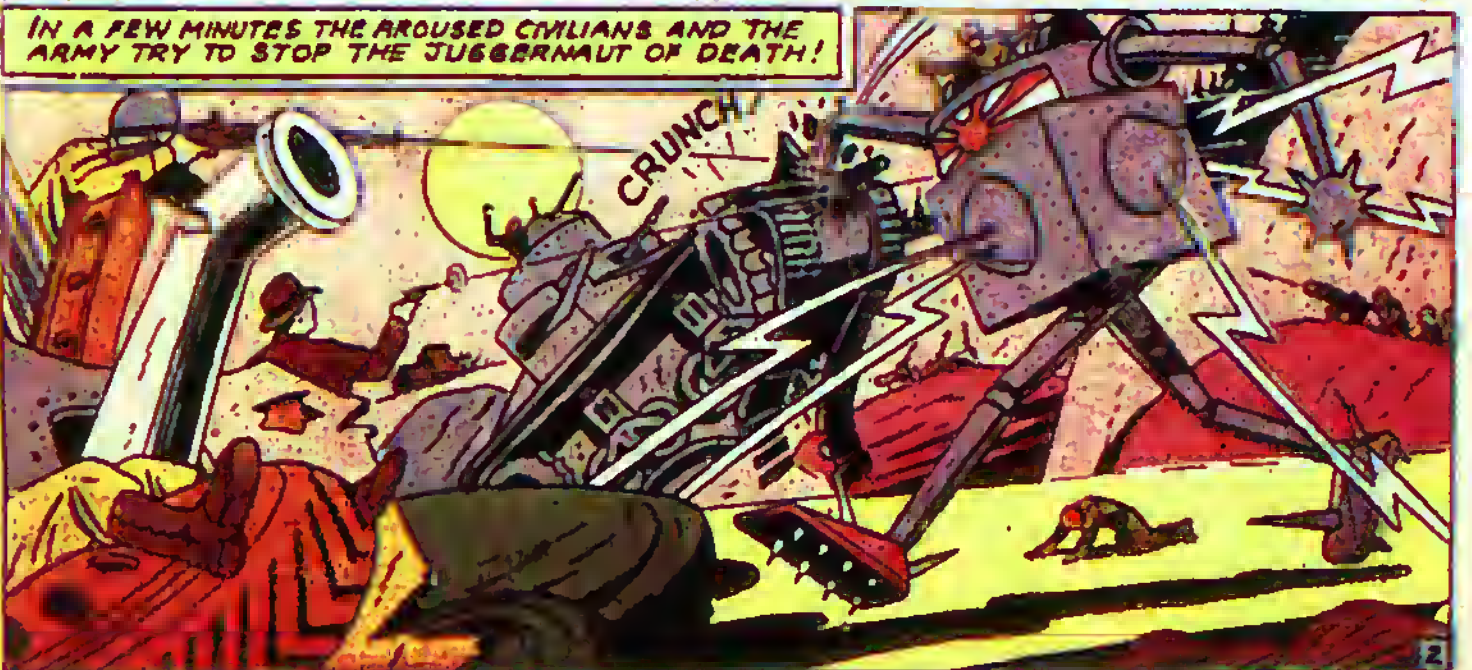
HMPH! A  
FARMHOUSE!



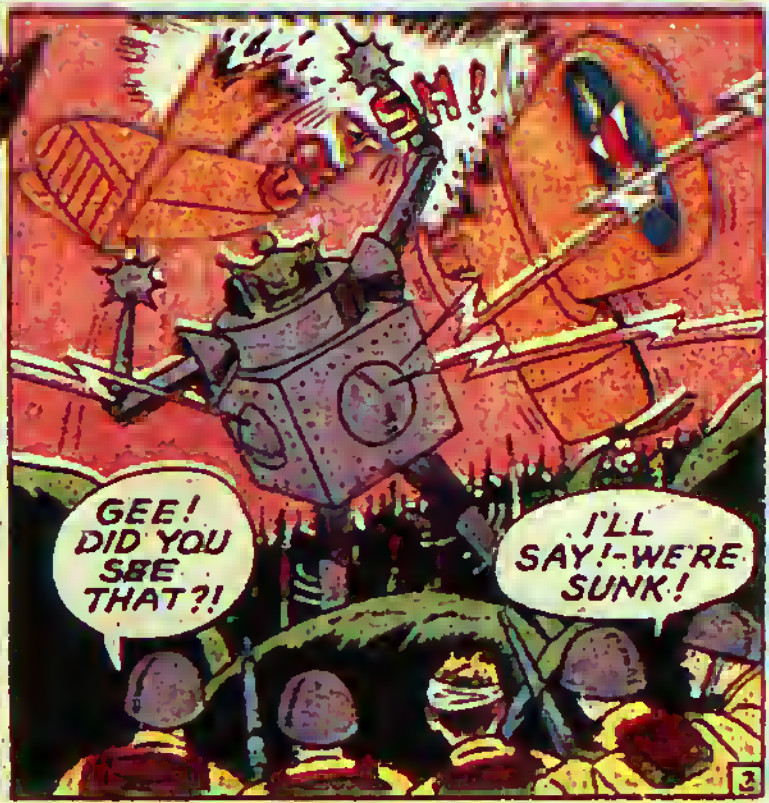
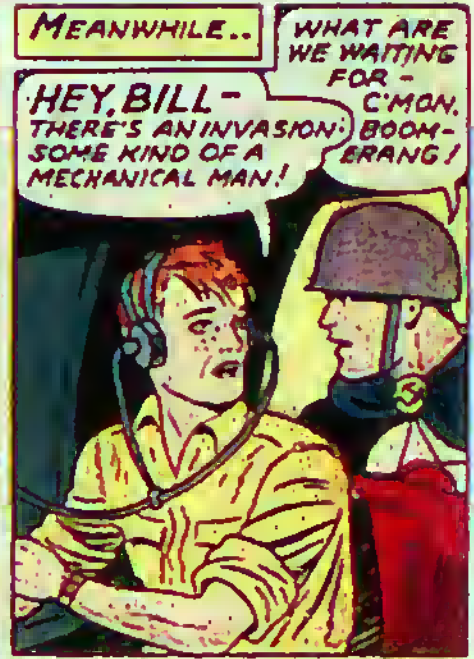
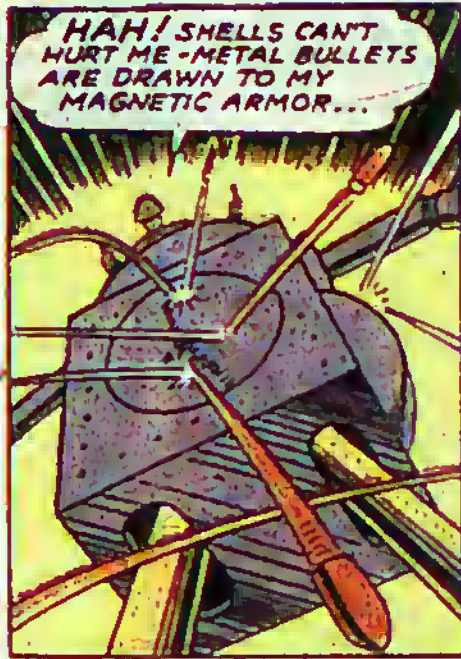
HELP!  
CALL  
THE  
ARMY!  
I-IT'S  
A-  
AAGH-



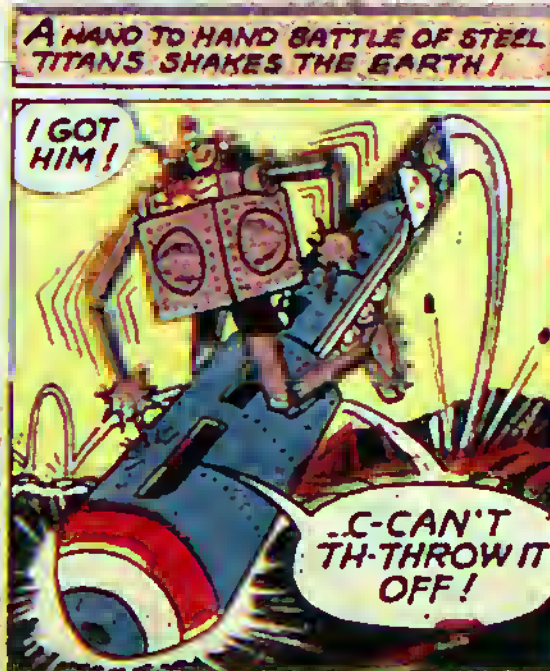
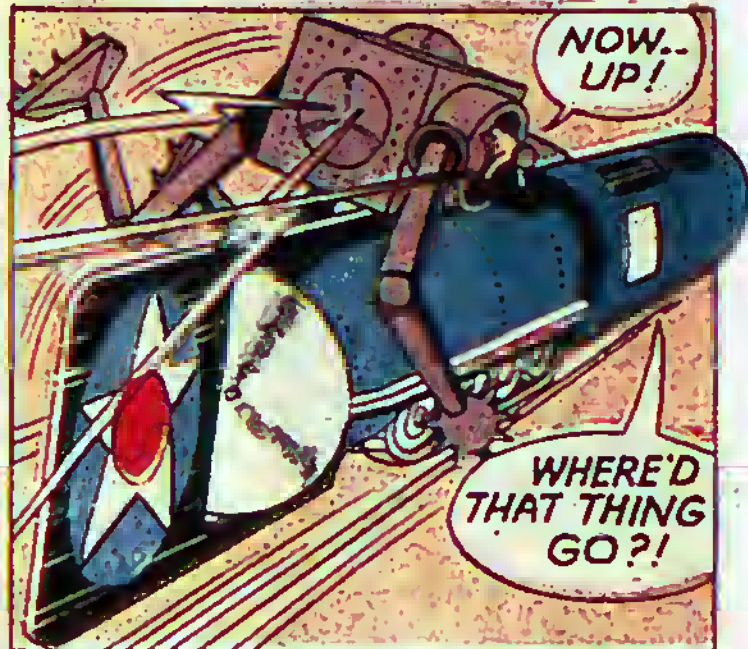
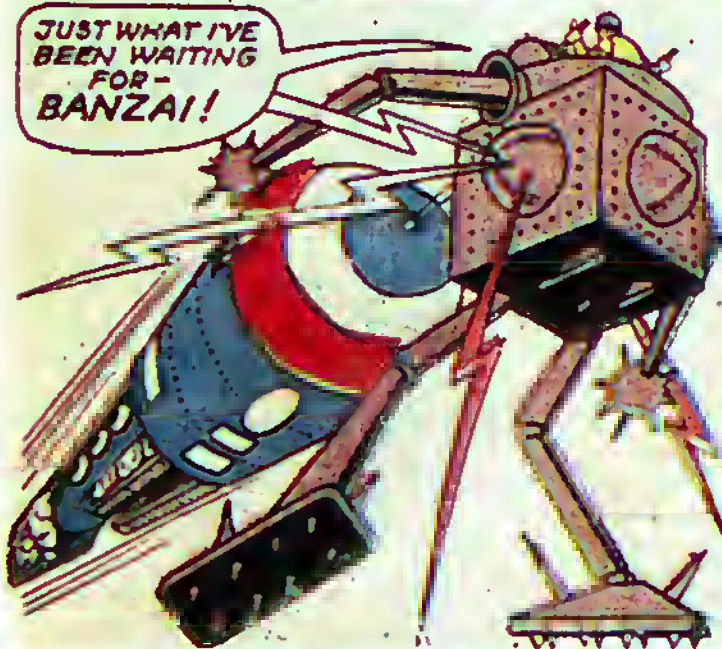
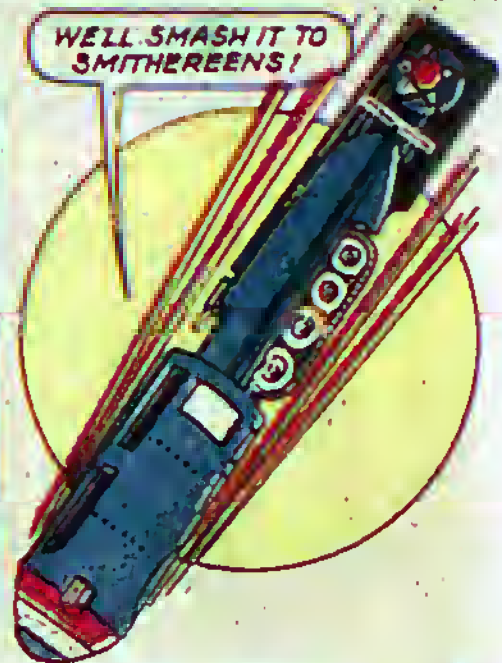
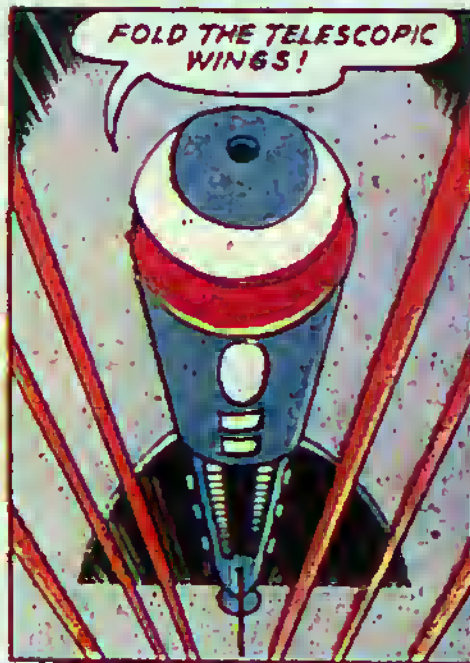
IN A FEW MINUTES THE AROUSED CIVILIANS AND THE  
ARMY TRY TO STOP THE JUGGERNAUT OF DEATH!





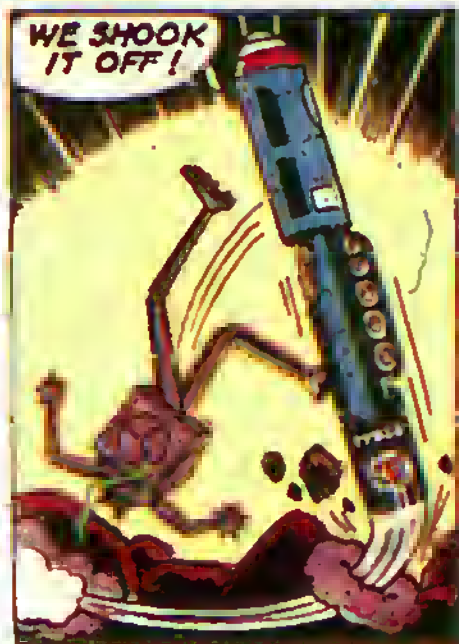






C-CAN'T TH-THROW IT OFF!





WE SHOOK  
IT OFF!



IT'S TOUGHER THAN I  
THOUGHT - CAN'T SHOOT IT  
AND HE'S TOO FAST FOR A  
RAMMING TARGET!



I GOT AN IDEA! I'M  
GONNA PARACHUTE  
DOWN AND TRY MY  
BOOMERANG ON  
HIM!

BUT YOU  
WON'T  
HAVE A  
CHANCE!

NEVERTHELESS THE TOUGH  
AUSTRALIAN JUMPS INTO SPACE!



1-2-3-4-5-  
PULL!



PHEW!  
SHE  
OPENED!



HMM - HE'S  
WAITING  
FOR ME!



HIS MAGNETIC BELLY  
WON'T INFLUENCE THIS  
WOODEN BOOMERANG -  
I HOPE!



HERE'S A SOUVENIR  
FROM DOWN UNDER,  
YOU YELLOW  
MONKEY!



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